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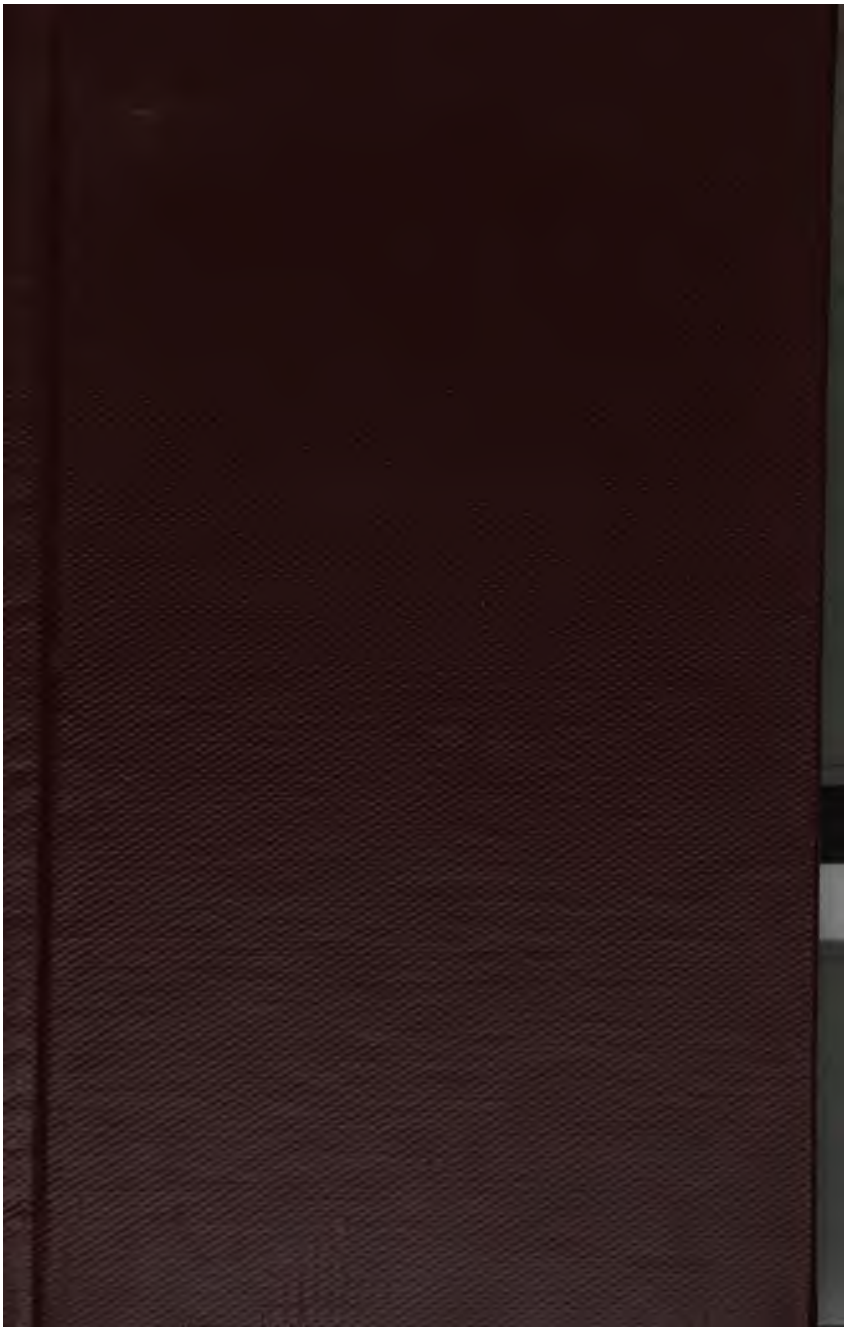

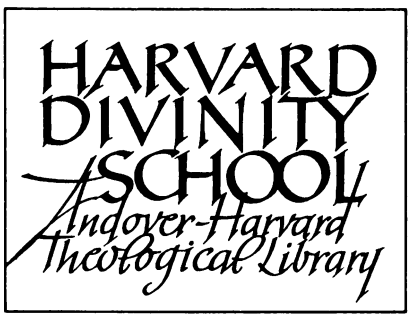
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THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT FERGUSSON:

IN TWO PARTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A

SKETCH OF HIS WRITINGS;

WITH A

COPIOUS GLOSSARY ANNEXED.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY BENJAMIN CHAPMAN.

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1815.

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1815

ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER since Fergusson has been known as a Poet, his works have been highly esteemed by his countrymen; but since the works of the celebrated Burns have been so universally read and admired, his high encomiums on our author's genius has awakened a desire in the lovers of poetry in general, to be in possession of Fergusson's works; and the publisher has been often solicited by those who were not natives of Scotland, to furnish them with copies of these Poems. In order to render the reading of the work easy to those not conversant with the Scottish dialect, he has published the present edition with an ample glossary annexed, which has not been done before; by which means he trusts, that the Poems of Fergusson may now be read, and their beauties enjoyed, with as much facility as those of Burns.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

AND WRITINGS

OF ROBERT FERGUSSON.

THE Author of these Poems lives now only in the literary world. We would not present them to the Public, did we not think the perusal would give pleasure. Some short account of the life of this juvenile writer, will not, we hope, be deemed unnecessary; for every one wishes to know the character of a man whose productions they admire.

ROBERT FERGUSSON was the younger of two sons of William Fergusson, a man of worth, but of humble fortune; who after serving an apprenticeship to a merchant in Aberdeen, came to Edinburgh in 1746, where he became employed as a clerk to an upholsterer, and afterwards an accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank. Robert was born in Edinburgh in September 1750; his constitution was, in infancy, very delicate; however, being sent to school at six years of age, so quick was his improvement in the English language, that in half a year he was sent to the high school, where he studied Latin under

the direction of the late Mr. Gilchrist for four years. In this time, although his health frequently interrupted his attendance, he was one of the first scholars of his class. He studied two years longer at Dundee. His friends had destined him for the church; he accordingly, at the age of thirteen, entered as a student of St. Andrews University, where he enjoyed a bursary, endowed by a Mr. Fergusson, to be conferred on persons of the same name. At St. Andrews he became conspicuous for the respectability of his classical accomplishments, and for those uncommon powers of conversation which in his more advanced years fascinated the associates of his convivial hours. It was during his residence at St. Andrews that he first committed the sin of rhyme. His juvenile verses were thought to possess considerable merit, and even the professors it is said took particular notice of him. The abilities of young Fergusson secured him the regard of Dr. Wilkie, author of Epigoniad, and at that time professor of natural philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. At the same time, although from the ardour of his genius Fergusson made respectable advances in literature and science, he felt little pleasure in scholastic retirement and study: pleasure was his aim; he was the companion, or rather the leader of every frolic, and satirical attacks on his instructors, were among the first inspirations of his muse. At the end of four years residence in St. Andrews, his bursary having expired, and his father having died two years before, Robert resigned all thoughts of pursu-

ing the clerical profession, and returned to his mother's house in Edinburgh, without any plan or regular prospect of future pursuit. After indulging for a considerable time in vain expectations of obtaining some employment, he attempted the study of the law. A study the most improper for him, and in which he made little or no progress; for a genius so lively could not submit to the drudgery of that dry and sedantary profession. Leaving Edinburgh he paid a visit to an uncle at Aberdeen, whose condition in society might have enabled him to procure for his relative some reputable situation. Although a man of considerable opulence, however, Mr. John Forbes received Robert into his house with no higher feelings of friendship than the common offices of hospitality imply; and when the unfortunate boy's outward appearance became unsuitable to the dignity of Mr. Forbes's household, even that very limited effort of liberality was withdrawn. Fergusson received notice that he was not longer a fit guest for his uncle's table; and having written a letter from a petty ale-house in the neighbourhood full of the ardent expressions which such an insult extorted from his heart, he set out on foot for Edinburgh, with only a few shillings in his pocket. To a high spirited mind it is not wonderful that such a treatment should have thrown him into a fever. Having, however, recovered from this, his natural animation of spirits returned, and although he was confined to the miserable drudgery of a copying clerk in a public office, he devoted some time to the service of the

muses. His Poems were for the most part published in Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, and were received by the people of Edinburgh with rapture as the productions of a second Allan Ramsay. His poetry soon gained him the society of the witty and the gay, which was still farther extended by his agreeable manners, pleasantry and power of conversation. With the best good nature, with much modesty, and the greatest goodness of heart, he was always sprightly, always entertaining. His powers of song were very great in a double capacity. When seated with some select companions over a bowl, his wit flashed like lightning, struck the hearers irresisibly, and set the table in a roar. These qualifications were his ruin, they led to a train of dissipation that at length ended in lunacy, the immediate cause of which, however, was a fall from a staircase whereby his brain was affected. He died 16th of October 1774, in the lunatic asylum at Edinburgh, where not one of the friends or associates of his convivial hours were to be found to alleviate his misery. Robert Burns erected a monument to the memory of Fergusson in the Canongate Church yard, and inscribed on it the following epitaph,

"No sculptur'd marble here nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust,
"This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
"To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

Had his life been spared to a more mature age much might have been expected from his early and

ardent genius. To attempt a character of the works of this youthful bard, would be equally vain as difficult. No colours but his own could paint it to the life; and who in his line of composition can even draw the sketch?—His talent for versification in the Scots dialect has been exceeded by none,—equalled by few. The subjects he chose were generally uncommon, often temporary. His images and sentiments were lively and striking, which he had a knack in clothing with the most agreeable and natural expressions. His compositions embrace the simplicity of Ramsay, and the poetic fire of Burns; a vein of humour equal to either, and a classic accuracy superior to both. His Farmer's Ingle, is deserving of the highest eulogium. This piece has much of the merit of Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, it is a simple pleasing characteristic picture of a Scotch country fireside, and I have no doubt but it gave Burns the hint of his exquisite picture of the Cotter's Saturday Night, and with which our author's poem may I think fairly dispute the palm. Fergusson seems to have had a particular taste for the burlesque, and to have cultivated that taste with great success. His Saturday's Expedition, The Canongate Playhouse In Ruins, Auld Reikie, and several other pieces of this description, not forgetting his epistle to Dr. Samuel Johnson, have infinite merit; his epilogue in the character of an Edinburgh Buck was, when it was written so happily characteristic that it met with prodigious applause. The same may be said of his Last Will, which contains much local

point and humour. His Posthumous Pieces it will be observed are of a very different description from those published in his life time, they embrace subjects of despair and horror, and were doubtless written by him when in that state of religious melancholy which preceded his lunacy. When we consider the beauties of his pieces we think they deserve to be more generally known than they are.

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POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PART I.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

DAMON. ALEXIS.

DAMON.

AURORA now her welcome visit pays,
tern darkness flies before her cheerful rays;
ool circling breezes whirl along the air,
nd early shepherds to the fields repair;
ead we our flocks, then, to the mountain's
brow,
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow;
Where founts of water 'midst the daisies spring,
nd soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing;

Your pleasing song shall teach our flocks t
stray,
While sounding echoes smoothe the sylvan la
Alex. 'Tis thine to sing the graces of th
morn,
The zephyr trembling o'er the rip'ning corn;
'Tis thine with ease to chant the rural lay,
While bubbling fountains to your numbers pla
No piping swain that treads the verdant field
But to your music and your verse must yield:
Sing then—for here we may with safety kee
Our sportive lambkins on this mossy steep.
Dam. With ruddy glow the sun adorns th
land,
The pearly dew-drops on the bushes stand;
The lowing oxen from the folds we hear,
And snowy flocks upon the hills appear.
Alex. How sweet the murmurs of the neig
b'ring rill!
Sweet are the slumbers which its floods distil
Thro' pebbly channels winding as they run,
And brilliant sparkling to the rising sun.
Dam. Behold Edina's lofty turrets rise,
Her structures fair adorn the eastern skies;
As Pentland cliffs o'ertop yon distant plain,
So she the cities on our north domain.
Alex. Boast not of cities, or their lofty tow'r
Where discord all her baneful influence pours

The homely cottage, and the wither'd tree,
With sweet Content, shall be preferr'd by me.
Dam. The hemlock dire shall please the heifer's taste,
Our lands like wild ARABIA be waste;
The bee forget to range for winter's food,
'Ere I forsake the forest and the flood.
Alex. Ye balmy breezes! wave the verdant field;
Clouds! all your bounties, all your moisture yield;
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,
And furrow'd ridges teem with loaded corn.
Dam. The year already hath propitious smil'd,
Gentle in spring-time, and in summer mild;
No cutting blasts have hurt my tender dams,
No hoary frosts destroy'd my infant lambs.
Alex. If Cêres crown with joy the bounteous year,
A sacred altar to her shrine I'll rear;
A vig'rous ram shall bleed, whose curling horns,
His woolly neck and hardy front adorns.
Dam. Teach me, O PAN! to tune the slender reed,
No fav'rite ram shall at thine altars bleed;

Each breathing morn thy woodland verse I'll sing,
And hollow dens shall with the numbers ring.
Alex. Apollo, lend me thy celestial lyre,
The woods in concert join at thy desire:
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,
And bid fleet Echo bear the sound away.
Dam. Sweet are the breezes, when cool eve returns,
To lowing herds, when raging Syrius burns;
Not half so sweetly winds the breeze along,
As does the murmur of your pleasing song.
Alex. To hear your strains the cattle spurn their food,
The feather'd songsters leave their tender brood;
Around your seat the silent lambs advance,
And scrambling he-goats on the mountains dance.
Dam. But haste, Alexis, reach yon leafy shade,
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made;
There we'll retire, and list the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat;
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,
And ev'ry warbler join the gen'ral choir.

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

CORYDON. TIMANTHES.

CORYDON.

THE sun the summit of his orb hath gain'd,
No flecker'd clouds his azure path hath stain'd;
Our pregnant ewes around us cease to graze,
Stung with the keenness of his sultry rays;
The weary bullock from the yoke is led,
And youthful shepherds from the plains are fled
To dusky shades, where scarce a glimm'ring ray
Can dart its lustre thro' the leafy spray.
Yon cooling riv'let where the waters gleam,
Where springing flow'rs adorn the limpid stream,
Invites us where the drooping willow grows,
To guide our flocks, and take a cool repose.

Tim. To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend,
The shades I'll court where slender osiers bend;
Our weanlings young shall crop the rising flow'r,
While we retire to yonder twining bow'r;

The woods shall echo back thy cheerful strains,
Admir'd by all our Caledonian swains.
Cor. There have I oft with gentle DELIA stray'd,
Amidst th' embow'ring solitary shade;
Before the gods to thwart my wishes strove,
By blasting ev'ry pleasing glimpse of love:
For Delia wanders o'er the ANGLIAN plains,
Where civil discord and sedition reigns;
There Scotia's sons in odious light appear,
Tho' we for them have wav'd the hostile spear;
For them my sire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,
Breath'd his last moments on a foreign shore.
Tim. Six lunar months, my friend, will soon expire,
And she return to crown your fond desire.
For her O rack not your desponding mind!
In Delia's breast a gen'rous flame's confin'd,
That burns for Corydon, whose piping lay
Hath caus'd the tedious moments steal away:
Whose strains melodious mov'd the falling floods
To whisper Delia to the rising woods.
O! if your sighs could aid the floating gales,
That favourably swell their lofty sails,
Ne'er should your sobs their rapid flight give o'er
Till Delia's presence grac'd our northern shore.

Cor. The' Delia greet my love, I sigh in vain,
Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.
Her sire a thousand fleeces numbers o'er,
And grassy hills increase his milky store;
While the weak fences of a scanty fold
Will all my sheep and fatt'ning lambkins hold.

Tim. Ah, hapless youth! although the early muse
Painted her semblance on thy youthful brows;
Tho' she with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
And in thy ear distill'd the magic sound;
A cheerless poverty attends thy woes,
Your song melodious unrewarded flows.

Cor. Think not, TIMANTHES, that for wealth I pine,
Tho' all the fates to make me poor combine;
TAY bounding o'er his banks with awful sway,
Bore all my corn and all my flocks away.
Of Jove's dread precepts did I 'ere complain?
'Ere curse the rapid flood or dashing rain?
Ev'n now I sigh not for my former store,
But wish'd the gods had destin'd Delia poor.

Tim. 'Tis joy, my friend, to think I can repay
The loss you bore by Autumn's rigid sway:
Yon fertile meadow where the daisies spring
Shall yearly pasture to your heifers bring:

Your flock with mine shall on yon mountain
feed,
Cheer'd by the warbling of your tuneful reed:
No more shall Delia's ever-fretful sire
Against your hopes and ardent love conspire.
Rous'd by her smiles you'll tune the happy
lay,
While hills responsive waft your songs away.
Cor. May plenteous crops your irksome la-
bour crown,
May hoodwink'd fortune cease her envious
frown;
May riches still increase with growing years;
Your flocks be numerous as your silver hairs.
Tim. But lo! the heat invites us at our ease
To court the twining shades and cooling breeze;
Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,
And midst the flow'rs and op'ning blossoms
dine.

PASTORAL III.

NIGHT.

AMYNTAS. FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

WHILE yet grey twilight does his empire hold,
Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold;
With sullied wing grim darkness soars along,
And larks to nightingales resign the song:
The weary ploughman flies the waving fields,
To taste what fare his humble cottage yields:
As bees that daily thro' the meadows roam:
Feed on the sweets they had prepar'd at home.

Flor. The grassy meads that smil'd serenely gay,
Cheer'd by the ever-burning lamp of day;
In dusky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with colds,
And springing flow'rets shut their crimson folds.

Am. What awful silence reigns throughout the shade,
The peaceful olive bends his drooping head;
No sound is heard o'er all the gloomy maze,
Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteors blaze.

Flor. The west yet ting'd with SOL'S effulgent ray,
With feeble light illumes our homeward way;
The glowing stars with keener lustre burn,
While round the earth their glowing axles turn.
Am. What mighty power conducts the stars on high!
Who bids these comets thro' our system fly!
Who wafts the lightning to the icy pole!
And thro' our regions bids the thunders roll!
Flor. But say, what mightier pow'r from nought could raise
The earth, the sun, and all that fiery maze
Of distant stars that gild the azure sky,
And thro' the void in settled orbits fly?
Am. That righteous pow'r before whose heav'nly eye
The stars are nothing and the planets die;
Whose breath divine supports our mortal frame,
Who made the lion wild and lambkin tame.
Flor. At his command the bounteous spring returns;
Hot summer, raging o'er th' Atlantic burns;
The yellow autumn crowns our sultry toil;
And winter's snows prepare the cumb'rous soil.
Am. By him the morning darts his purple ray;
To him the birds their early homage pay;

With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swains in concert heav'nly praises sing.
Flor. Sway'd by his word, the nutrient dews descend,
And growing pastures to the moisture bend;
The vernal blossoms sip his falling showers;
The meads are garnish'd with his op'ning flowers.
Am. For *man*, the object of his chiefest care,
Fowls he hath form'd to wing the ambient air,
For him the *steer* his lusty neck doth bend;
Fishes for him their scaly fins extend.
Flor. Wide o'er the orient sky the moon appears,
A foe to darkness and his idle fears;
Around her orb the stars in clusters shine,
And distant planets tend her silver shrine.
Am. Hush'd are the busy numbers of the day;
On downy couch they sleep their hours away;
Hail, balmy Sleep, that sooths the troubled mind!
Lock'd in thy arms our cares a refuge find.
Oft do you tempt us with delusive dreams,
When wild'ring Fancy darts her dazzling beams;
Asleep the lover with his mistress strays
Thro' lonely thickets and untrodden ways.

But when pale Cynthia's sable empire's fled,
And hov'ring slumbers shun the morning bed,
Rous'd by the Dawn, he wakes with frequent sigh,
And all his flattering visions quickly fly.
Flor. Now *owls* and *bats* infest the midnight scene,
Dire snakes invenom'd twine along the green;
Forsook by man the rivers mourning glide,
And groaning echoes swell the noisy tide,
Straight to our cottage let us bend our way;
My drowsy pow'rs confess sleep's magic sway.
Easy and calm upon our couch we'll lie,
While sweet reviving slumbers round our pillows fly.

THE COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

NEAR the heart of a fair spreading grove,
Whose foliage shaded the green,
A shepherd, repining at love,
In anguish was heard to complain.

O Cupid! thou wanton young boy!
Since, with thy invisible dart,
Thou hast robb'd a fond youth of his joy,
In return grant the wish of his heart.

Send a shaft so severe from thy bow
(His pining, his sighs to remove,)
That STELLA, once wounded, may know
How keen are the arrows of love.

No swain once so happy as I,
Nor tun'd with more pleasure the reed;
My breast never vented a sigh,
Till STELLA approach'd the gay mead.

With mirth, with contentment endow'd,
My hours they flew wantonly by;
I sought no repose in the wood,
Nor from my few sheep would I fly.

Now my reed I have carelessly broke,
Its melody pleases no more;
I pay no regard to a flock
That seldom hath wander'd before.

O STELLA! whose beauty so fair
Excels the bright splendor of day,
Ah! have you no pity to share
With DAMON thus fall'n to decay?

For you have I quitted the plain,
Forsaken my sheep and my fold;
For you in dull languor and pain,
My tedious moments are told.

For you have my roses grown pale,
They have faded untimely away;
And will not such beauty bewail
A shepherd thus fall'n to decay?

Since your eyes still requite me with scorn,
And kill with their merciless ray,

Like a star of the dawning of morn,
I fall to their lustre a prey.

Some swain who shall mournfully go
To whisper love's sigh to the shade,
Will hap'ly some charity show,
And under the turf see me laid.

Would my love but in pity appear
On the spot where he moulds my cold grave,
And bedew the green sod with a tear,
'Tis all the remembrance I crave.

To the swaird then his visage he turn'd;
'Twas wan as the lilies in May;
Fair STELLA *may see him inurn'd,*
He hath sigh'd all his sorrows away.

THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN gold, man's sacred deity, did smile,
My friends were plenty, and my sorrows few;
Mirth, love, and bumpers did my hours beguile,
And arrow'd Cupids round my slumbers flew.

What shepherd then could boast more happy days?
My lot was envied by each humbler swain;
Each bard in smooth eulogium sung my praise,
And DAMON listen'd to the guileful strain.

FLATTERY, alluring as the Syren's lay,
And as deceitful thy inchanting tongue,
How have you taught my wav'ring mind to stray,
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful song?

My pleasant cottage, shelter'd from the gale,
Arose with moss, and rural ivy bound;

And scarce a flow'ret in my lowly vale,
But was with bees of various colours crown'd.

Free o'er my lands the neigb'ring flocks could roam;
How welcome were the swains and flocks to me!
The shepherds kindly were invited home,
To chace the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
Strephon with voice melodious tun'd the song;
Each sylvan youth the sounding chorus join'd,
Fraught with contentment 'midst the festive throng.

My clust'ring grapes compens'd their magic skill,
The bowl capacious swell'd in purple tide;
To shepherds, lib'ral as the chrystal rill,
Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's side.

But ah! these youthful sportive hours are fled;
These scenes of jocund mirth are now no more;

No healing slumbers 'tend my humble bed,
No friends condole the sorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy?
What comfort bring they in the adverse hour?
Can they the canker-worm of care destroy,
Or brighten fortune's discontented hour?

He who hath long travers'd the fertile plain,
Where Nature in its fairest vesture smil'd,
Will he not cheerless view the fairy scene,
When lonely wand'ring o'er the barren wild?

For now pale Poverty, with haggard eye
And rueful aspect, darts her gloomy ray;
My wonted guests their proffer'd aid deny,
And from the paths of DAMON steal away.

Thus when fair Summer's lustre gilds the lawn,
When rip'ning blossoms deck the spreading tree,
The birds with melody salute the dawn,
And o'er the daisy hangs the humming-bee.

But when the beauties of the circling year
In chilling frosts and furious storms decay;
No more the bees upon the plains appear,
No more the warblers hail the infant day.

To the lone corner of some distant shore,
In dreary devious pilgrimage I 'll fly,
And wander pensive where Deceit no more
Shall trace my footsteps with a mortal eye.

There solitary saunter o'er the beach,
And to the murm'ring surge my griefs disclose;
There shall my voice in plaintive wailings teach
The hollow caverns to resound my woes.

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee;
Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lark's shrill song;
But sweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondly stray'd!
Ye swains, who once the fav'rite DAMON knew!
Farewell, ye sharers of my bounty's aid!
Ye sons of base Ingratitude, adieu!

AGAINST REPINING AT FORTUNE.

THO' in my narrow bounds of rural toil,
No *obelisk* or splendid column rise;
Tho' partial Fortune still averts her smile,
And views my labours with condemning eyes;

Yet all the gorgeous vanity of state
I can contemplate with a cool disdain;
Nor shall the honours of the gay and great
E'er wound my bosom with an envious pain.

Avails it aught the grandeur of their halls,
With all the glories of the *pencil* hung,
If Truth, fair Truth! within th' unhallow'd walls,
Hath never whisper'd with her *seraph* tongue?

Avails it aught, if music's gentle lay
Hath oft been echo'd by the sounding dome;
If *music* cannot soothe their griefs away,
Or change a wretched to a happy home?

Tho' Fortune should invest them with her spoils,
And banish *poverty* with look severe,
Enlarge their confines, and decrease their toils,
Ah! what avails if she increase their care?

Tho' fickle she disclaim my moss-grown cot,
Nature! thou look'st with more impartial eyes:
Smile thou, fair goddess! on my sober lot;
I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her rise.

When early larks shall cease the *matin* song;
When Philomel at night resigns her lay;
When melting numbers to the owl belong,
Then shall the *reed* be silent in thy praise.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune sails,
More pleasure from the sweets of *Nature* share?
Do zephyrs waft him more ambrosial gales,
Or do his groves a gayer liv'ry wear?

To me the heav'ns unveil as pure a sky;
To me the flow'rs as rich a bloom disclose;
The morning beams as radiant to my eye,
And darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

If Luxury their lavish dainties piles,
And still attends upon their fated hours,
Doth Health reward them with her open smiles,
Or Exercise enlarge their feeble pow'rs?

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold,
That man this jewel *happiness* can find,
If his unfeeling breast, to *virtue* cold,
Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.

Wealth, pomp, and honour are but gaudy toys;
Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart!
Virtue 's the sacred source of all the joys,
That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

CONSCIENCE. *An Elegy.*

———Leave her to Heav'n,
And to the thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

SHAKESPEARE.

NO choiring warblers flutter in the sky;
Phœbus no longer holds his radiant sway;
While Nature with a melancholy eye,
Bemoans the loss of his departed ray.

O happy he, whose conscience knows no guile!
He to the sable night can bid farewell;
From cheerless objects close his eyes awhile,
Within the silken folds of sleep to dwell.

Elysian dreams shall hover round his bed,
His soul shall wing, on pleasing fancies borne,
To shining vales where flow'rets lift their head,
Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he whose foul reproachful deeds
Can thro' an angry conscience wound his rest;

His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
Tho' Slumber seldom knows him as her guest.

To calm the raging tumults of his soul,
If wearied Nature should an hour demand,
Around his bed the sheeted spectres howl,
Red with revenge the grinning furies stand.

Nor state nor grandeur can his pain allay:
Where shall he find a requiem to his woes?
Pow'r cannot chace the frightful gloom away,
Nor music lull him to a kind repose.

Where is the king that Conscience fears to chide?
Conscience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
Will o'er the secrets of each heart preside,
Nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by soothing song.

DAMON TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE billows of life are suppress't,
Its tumults, its toils disappear,
To relinquish the storms that are past,
I think on the sunshine that 's near.

Dame Fortune and I are agreed;
Her frowns I no longer endure;
For the goddess has kindly decreed,
That Damon no more shall be poor.

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,
To view the increase of my store;
And many my friendship will prize
Who never knew Damon before.

But those I renounce and abjure,
Who carried contempt in their eye;
May poverty still be their dow'r,
That could look on misfortune awry!

Ye pow'rs that weak mortals govern,
Keep pride at his bay from my mind;

O let me not haughtily learn
To despise the few friends that were kind.

For theirs was a feeling sincere,
'Twas free from delusion and art;
O may I that friendship revere,
And hold it yet dear to my heart!

By which was I ever forgot?
It was both my physician and cure,
That still found the way to my cot,
Altho' I was wretched and poor:

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care;
The wound of affliction it heal'd:
In distress it was Pity's soft tear,
And naked cold Poverty's shield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain!
Who oft with my sorrows condol'd;
You cannot be deaf to the strain,
Since Damon is master of gold.

I have chose a sweet sylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of spring;
Around my flocks nibble and bleat,
While the musical choristers sing.

I force not the waters to stand
In an artful canal at my door,
But a river, at Nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddess that darkens my bow'rs
With tendrils of ivy and vine;
She tutors my shrubs and my flow'rs,
Her taste is the standard of mine.

What a pleasing diversified groupe
Of trees has she spread o'er my ground!
She has taught the grave *laryx* to droop,
And the birch to deal odours around.

For whom has she perfum'd my groves?
For whom has she cluster'd my vine?
If friendship despise my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be recesses of mine.

He who tastes his grape juices by stealth,
Without chosen companions to share,
Is the basest of slaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of care.

O come, and with Damon retire
Amidst the green umbrage embower'd;

Your mirth and your songs to inspire,
Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd?

O come, ye dear friends of his youth!
Of all his good fortune partake;
Nor think 'tis departing from truth,
To say 'twas preserv'd for your sake.

RETIREMENT.

COME, Inspiration, from thy vernal bow'r,
To thy celestial voice attune the lyre;
Smooth gliding strains in sweet profusion pour,
And aid my numbers with seraphic fire.

Under a lonely spreading oak I lay,
My head upon the daisied green reclin'd,
The ev'ning sun beam'd forth his parting ray,
The foliage bended to the hollow wind.

There gentle sleep my acting pow'rs suppress,
The city's distant hum was heard no more;
Yet Fancy suffer'd not the mind to rest,
Ever obedient to her wakeful pow'r.

She led me near a chrystal fountain's noise,
Where undulating waters sportive play;
Where a young comely swain, with pleasing voice,
In tender accents sung his sylvan lay.

"Adieu, ye baneful pleasures of the town!
"Farewell, ye giddy and unthinking throng!

"Without regret your foibles I disown;
"Themes more exalted claim the Muse's song.

"Your stony hearts no social feelings share;
"Your souls of distant sorrow's ne'er partake;
"Ne'er do you listen to the needy pray'r,
"Nor drop a tear for tender pity's sake.

"Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves!
"Ye flow'ry meadows, and extensive plains!
"Where soaring warblers pour their plaintive loves,
"Each landscape, cheering with their vocal strains.

"Here rural Beauty rears her pleasing shrine;
"She on the margin of each streamlet glows;
"Where, with the blooming hawthorn roses twine,
"And the fair lily of the valley grows.

"Here Chastity may wander unassail'd
"Thro' fields where gay seducers cease to rove;

"Where open Vice o'er Virtue near prevail'd;
"Where all is innocence, and all is love.

"Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,
"Guarding secure the peasant's humble bed;
"Envy is banish'd from the happy plains,
"And Defamation's busy tongue is laid.

"Health and Contentment usher in the morn,
"With jocund smiles they cheer the rural swain,
"For which the Peer, to pompous titles born,
"Forsaken sighs, but all his sighs are vain.

"For the calm comforts of an easy mind,
"In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,
"And leave the statesmen for the lab'ring hind,
"The regal palace for the lowly cell.

"Ye, who to Wisdom would devote your hours,
"And far from riot, far from discord stray!
"Look back disdainful on the city's tow'rs,
"Where Pride, where Folly point the slipp'ry way.

"Pure flows the limpid stream in chrystal tides,
"Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever verdant vales,
"Till to the town's unhallow'd wall it glides,
"Where all its purity and lustre fails."

ODE TO HOPE.

HOPE! lively cheerer of the mind,
In lieu of real bliss design'd,
Come from thy ever verdant bow'r
To chace the dull and ling'ring hour;
O! bring, attending on thy reign,
All thy ideal fairy train,
To animate the lifeless clay,
And bear my sorrows hence away.

Hence gloomy featur'd black Despair,
With all thy frantic furies fly,
Nor rend my breast with gnawing care,
For Hope in lively garb is nigh;

Let pining Discontentment mourn,
Let dull ey'd Melancholy grieve,
Since pleasing hope must reign by turn,
And ev'ry bitter thought relieve.

O smiling hope in adverse hour,
I feel thy influencing pow'r:
Tho' frowning Fortune fix my lot,
In some defenceless lonely cot,

Where Poverty, with empty hands,
In pallid meagre aspect stands;
Thou can'st enrobe me, 'midst the great,
With all the crimson pomp of state,
Where Luxury invites his guests
To pall them with his lavish feasts:
What cave so dark, what gloom so drear,
So black with horror, dead with fear!
But thou can'st dart thy streaming ray,
And change close night to open day.

Health is attendant in thy radiant train,
Round her the whisp'ring zephyrs gently play,
Behold her gladly tripping o'er the plain,
Bedeck'd with rural sweets and garlands gay.

When vital spirits are depress'd,
And heavy languor clogs the breast,
Comforting hope! 'tis thine to cure,
Devoid of Esculapian power;
For oft thy friendly aid avails,
When all the strength of physic fails.

Nay, e'en tho' death should aim his dart,
I know he lifts his arm in vain,
Since thou this lesson can'st impart,
Mankind but die to live again.

'd of thee must banners fall;
where a living Hope is found,
gions shout at dangers call,
vict'ries are triumphant crown'd.

then, Bright Hope! in smiles array'd,
ive us by thy quick'ning breath,
shall we never be afraid
walk thro' danger and thro' death.

THE

RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

AN ODE.

Set to Music by Mr. COLLETT.

O'ER SCOTIA's parch'd land the NAIAD's flew
From towering hills explor'd her shelter'
vales,
Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the view
And lift her waters to the zephyrs gales.

Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields
And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields

Here did these lovely nymphs unseen,
Oft wander by the river's side,
And oft unbind their tresses green,
To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the shady grottos would retire,
And sweetly echo to the warbling choir;

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
To call up echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or crystal floods,
Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

Chorus.

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
To call up echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or crystal floods,
Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

When the cool fountains first their springs forsook,
Murmuring smoothly to the azure main,
Exulting *Neptune* then his trident shook,
And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.

The friendly Tritons on his chariot born,
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding horn.

Now *Lothian* and *Fifan* shores,
Resounding to the mermaid's song,
Gladly emit their limpid stores,
And bid them smoothly sail along

To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
Round the revolving sphere from pole to pole;

To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

Chorus.

To guard Britannia from envious foes,
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd,
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

High towering on the zephyr's breezy wing,
Swift fly the *Naiad's* from FORTHA's shores,
And to the southern airy mountains bring
Their sweet enchantment and their magic powers.

Each nymph her favourite willow takes,
The earth with fev'rous tremour shakes,
The stagnant lakes obey their call,
Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.

TWEED spreads her waters to the lucid ray,
Upon the dimpled surf the sunbeams play:

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
Charm'd with the music of his reed,

Amidst the wavings of the Tweed:
From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.

Chorus.

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
Charm'd with the music of his reed,
Amidst the wavings of the Tweed:
From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.

The list'ning muses heard the shepherds play,
Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name,
And to attend the easy graceful lay,
PAN from *Arcadia* to Tweda came.
Fond of the change along the banks he stray'd,
And sung unmindful of th' Arcadian shade.

AIR, TWEEDSIDE.

I.

Attend every fanciful swain,
Whose notes softly flow from the reed,
With harmony guide the sweet strain,
To sing of the beauties of Tweed.

II.

Where the music of woods and of streams,
In soothing sweet melody join,
To enliven your pastoral themes,
And make human numbers divine.

Chorus.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
The tender woodland strain approve,
While Tweed in smoother cadence glides,
O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides;
And as she rolls her silver waves along,
Murmurs and sighs to quit the rural song.
SCOTIA'S great GENIUS in *russet* clad,
From the cool sedgy bank exalts her head,
In joyful rapture she the change espies,
Sees living streams descend and groves arise.

AIR, GILDEROY.

I.

As sable clouds at early day
Oft dim the shining skies,
So gloomy thoughts create dismay,
And lustre leaves her eyes.

II.

owers! are Scotia's ample fields
ith so much beauty grac'd,
ave those sweets your bounty yields
' foreign foes defac'd?

III.

ve! at whose supreme command
ıe limpid fountains play,
Caledonia's northern land
t restless waters stray.

IV.

: from the void creation rose,
ıou'st made a sacred vow,
Caledon to foreign foes
ould ne'er be known to bow."

ighty Thund'rer on his sapphire throne,
cy's robes attir'd, heard the sweet voice
ale woe—soft as the moving song
lomela 'midst the evening shades;
ıus return'd an answer to her pray'rs:

re birks at nature's call arise;
re fragrance hails the vaulted skies;

"Where my own oak its umbrage spreads,
"Delightful 'midst the woody shades;
"Where ivy mould'ring rocks entwines;
"Where breezes bend the lofty pines:
"There shall the laughing NAIADS stray,
"'Midst the sweet banks of winding Tay."

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters spring,
Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice;
The sounding lyre celestial muses string,
The Choiring songsters in the groves rejoice.

Each fount its crystal fluids pours,
Which from surrounding mountains flow;
The river bathes its verdant shores,
Cool o'er the surf the breezes blow.

Let England's sons extoll their gardens fair,
Scotland may freely boast her gen'rous streams,
Their soil more fertile and their milder air,
Her fishes sporting in the solar beams.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Chorus.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

O Scotia! when such beauty claims
A mansion near thy flowing streams,
Ne'er shall stern Mars, in iron car,
Drive his proud coarsers to the war:
But fairy forms shall strew around
Their olives on the peaceful ground;
And turtles join the warbling throng,
To usher in the morning song.
Or shout in chorus all the live-long day,
From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phœbe's friendly light
In silver radiance clothes the night;
Still music's ever varying strains
Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns;
And woo them to her midnight bowers,
Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
Where ev'ry rock, and hill, and dale,
With echoes greet the nightingale,
Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,
To kind condolence turns the song;

And oft wins the love-sick swain to stray
To hear the tender variegated lay,
Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and
Tay.

Hail, native streams, and native groves!
Oozy caverns, green alcoves!
Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
With all the Graces in her train.
Hail, Fancy, thou whose ray so bright
Dispels the glimm'ring taper's light!
Come in aerial vesture blue,
Ever pleasing, ever new,
In these recesses deign to dwell
With me in yonder moss-clad cell:

Then shall my reed successful tune the lay,
In numbers wildly warbling as they stray
Thro' the glad banks of Fortha, Tweed, and
Tay.

THE

TOWN & COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

FROM noisy bustle, from contention free,
Far from the busy town I careless loll,
Not like swain *Tityrus*, or the bards of old,
Under a beechen, venerable shade;
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom
And thorny whins the spacious plains adorn:
Here health sits smiling on my youthful brow:
For 'ere the sun beams forth his earliest ray,
And all the east with yellow radiance crowns;
E'ere dame Aurora, from her purple bed,
'Gins with her kindling blush to paint the sky,
The soaring lark, morn's cheerful harbinger,
And linnet joyful flutt'ring from the bush,
Stretch their small throats in vocal melody,
To hail the dawn, and drowsy sleep exhale
From man, frail man! on downy softness stretch'd.
Such pleasing scenes *Edina* cannot boast;
For there the slothful slumber seal'd mine eyes,

Till nine successive strokes the clock had knell'd.
There not the lark, but fishwives noisy screams,
And inundations plung'd from ten house height,
With smell more fragrant than the spicy groves
Of *Indus*, fraught with all her orient stores,
Rous'd me from sleep; not sweet refreshing sleep,
But sleep infested with the burning sting
Of *bug* infernal, who the live-long night
With direst suction sipp'd my liquid gore.
There gloomy vapours in our zenith reign'd,
And fill'd with irksome pestilence the air.
There ling'ring sickness held his feeble court
Rejoicing in the havock he had made;
And Death, grim Death! with all his ghastly train,
Watch'd the broke slumbers of Edina's sons.
Hail, rosy health! thou pleasing antidote
'Gainst troubling cares! all hail, these rural fields,
Those winding rivulets and verdant shades,
Where thou the heav'n-born Goddess deign's to dwell!
With thee the hind, upon his simple fare,
Lives cheerful, and from Heav'n no more demands.
But ah! how vast, how terrible the change

With him who night by night in sickness pines!
Him nor his splendid equipage can please,
Nor all the pageantry the world can boast;
Nay, not the consolation of his friends
Can aught avail: his hours are anguish all,
Nor cease till envious death hath clos'd the scene.

But, *Carlos*, if we court this maid celestial,
Whether we thro' meand'ring rivers stray,
Or 'midst the city's jarring noise remain,
Let temperance, health's blyth concomitant,
To our desires and appetites set bounds,
Else, cloy'd at last, we surfeit every joy;
Our slack'ned nerves reject their wonted spring;
We reap the fruits of our unkindly lusts,
And feebly totter to the silent grave.

ODE TO PITY.

TO what sequester'd gloomy shade
Hath ever gentle Pity stray'd?
What brook is water'd from her eyes
What gales convey her tender sighs?
Unworthy of her grateful lay,
She hath despis'd the great, the gay
Nay all the feelings she imparts
Are far estrang'd from human hearts.
Ah Pity! whither wouldst thou fly
From human heart, from human eye?
Are desart woods and twilight groves
The scenes the sobbing pilgrim loves?
If there thou dwell'st, O Pity, say
In what lone path you pensive stray.
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,
Besprinkl'd with the morning's dew:
For thou wilt never blush to wear
The pallid look and falling tear.
In broken cadence from thy tongue,
Oft have we heard the mournful song;
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier
Bedew'd with Pity's softest tear.

Her sighs and tears were ne'er deny'd
When innocence and virtue died.
But in this black and iron age,
Where Vice and all his dæmons rage,
Tho' bells in solemn peals are rung,
Tho' dirge in mournful verse is sung;
Soon will the vain parade be o'er,
Their name, their memory no more:
Who love and innocence despis'd,
And ev'ry virtue sacrificed.
Here Pity, as a statue dumb,
Will pay no tribute to the tomb;
Or wake the memory of those
Who never felt for others woes.
Thou mistress of the feeling heart!
Thy pow'rs of sympathy impart.
If mortals would but fondly prize
Thy falling tears, thy passing sighs,
Then should wan poverty no more
Walk feebly from the rich man's door;
Humility should vanquish pride,
And vice be drove from virtue's side:
Then happiness at length should reign,
And golden age begin again.

ON

THE COLD MONTH OF APRIL, 1771

Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus;*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast;
Or wallow naked in *December*'s snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.

SHAKES. RICH. II.

POETS in vain have hail'd the op'ning spring
In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid
In vain have taught the April birds to wing
Their flight thro' fields in verdant hue array'd

The muse in ev'ry season taught to sing
Amidst the desart snows by fancy's power
Can elevated soar, on placid wing,
To climes where spring her kindest influence
showers.

April, once famous for the zephyr mild,
For sweets that early in the garden grow,
Say, how converted to this cheerless wild,
Rushing with torrents of dissolving snow.

Nurs'd by the moisture of a gentle shower,
Thy foliage oft hath sounded to the breeze;
Oft did the choristers melodious pour
Their melting numbers thro' the shady trees.

Fair have I seen thy morn, in smiles array'd,
With crimson blush bepaint the eastern sky;
But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the glade,
Shrowded in colours of a sable dye.

So have I seen the fair with laughing eye,
And visage cheerful as the smiling morn,
Alternate changing for the heaving sigh,
Or frowning aspect of contemptuous scorn.

Life! What art thou?—a variegated scene
Of mingl'd light and shade, of joy and woe;
A sea where calms and storms promiscuous reign,
A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow.

Mute are the plains; the shepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock,
While echo, listening to the tempest's roar,
In silence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

Winter, too potent for the solar ray,
Bestride the blast, ascends his icy throne,
And views BRITANNIA, subject to his sway,
Floating emergent on the frigid zone.

Thou savage tyrant of the fretful sky!
Wilt thou for ever in our zenith reign?
To Greenland's seas, congeal'd in chillness, fly,
Where howling monsters tread the bleak domain.

Relent, O Boreas! leave thy frozen cell;
Resign to spring her portion of the year;
Let west winds temp'rate wave the flowing gale,
And hills, and vales, and woods a vernal aspect wear.

THE SIMILE.

AT noontide as *Colin* and *Sylvia* lay
Within a cool jessamine bow'r,
A *butterfly*, wak'd by the heat of the day,
Was sipping the juice of each flow'r.

Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy
The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy
Each beautiful insect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose,
From the rose to the lily again,
Till weary with tracing its motions, he chose
To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then *Colin* to *Sylvia* smilingly said,
Amyntor has follow'd you long;
From him, like the butterfly, still have you fled,
Tho' woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware in persisting to start from his arms,
But with his fond wishes comply;

Come, take my advice; or he's pall'd with
your charms,
Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says *Sylvia,—Colin*, thy simile's just,
But still to *Amynter*, I'm coy;
For I vow's she's a simpleton blind that would
trust
A swain, when he courts to destroy.

THE BUGS.

THOU source of song sublime! thou chiefest
Muse!
Whose sacred fountain of immortal fame
Bedew'd the flow'rets cull'd for HOMER's brow
When he on Grecian plains the battles sung
Of frogs and mice: Do thou, thro' Fancy's maze
Of sportive pastime, lead a lowly Muse
Her rites to join, while, with a fault'ring voice,
She sings of reptiles yet in song unknown.
Nor you, ye bards! who oft have struck the
lyre,
And tun'd it to the movement of the spheres
In harmony divine, reproach the lays,
Which, tho' they wind not thro' the starry host
Of bright creation, or on earth delight
To hunt the murm'ring cadence of the floods,
Thro' scenes where Nature, with a hand pro-
fuse,
Hath lavish strew'd her gems of precious dye;
Yet in the small existence of a gnat,
Or tiny bug, doth she with equal skill,
If not transcending, stamp her wonders there,
Only disclos'd to microscopic eye.

Of old the DRYADS near Edina's walls
Their mansions rear'd, and groves unnumber'd rose
Of branching oak, spread beech, and lofty pine,
Under whose shade, to shun the noontide blaze,
Did Pan resort, with all his rural train
Of shepherds and of nymphs—The DRYADS pleas'd
Would hail their sports, and summon Echo's voice
To send her greetings thro' the waving woods;
But the rude axe, long brandish'd by the hand
Of daring innovation, shav'd the lawns;
Then not a thicket or a copse remain'd
To sigh in concert with the breeze of eve.
Edina's mansions with lignarian art
Were pil'd and fronted.—Like an ARK she seem'd
To lie on mountain's top, with shapes replete,
Clean and unclean, that daily wander o'er
Her streets, that once were spacious, once were gay.
To Jove the Dryads pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
For vengeance on her sons.—At midnight drear
Black show'rs descend, and teeming myriads rise
Of BUGS abhorrent, who by instinct steal
Thro' the diseased and corrosive pores

Of sapless trees, that late in forest stood
With all the majesty of summer crown'd.
By Jove's command dispers'd, they wander wide
O'er all the city.—Some their cells prepare
'Midst the rich trappings and the gay attire
Of state luxuriant, and are fond to press
The waving canopy's depending folds;
While others, destin'd to an humbler fate,
Seek shelter from the dwellings of the poor,
Plying their nightly suction to the bed
Of toil'd *mechanic*, who, with folded arms,
Enjoys the comforts of a sleep so sound,
That not th' alarming sting of glutting Bug
To murd'rous deed can rouse his brawny arm
Upon the blood-swoln fiend, who basely steals
Life's genial current from his throbbing veins.
Happy were GRANDEUR, could she triumph here,
And banish from her halls each misery,
Which she must brook in common with the poor,
Who beg subsistence from her sparing hands;
Then might the rich, to fell disease unknown,
Indulge in fond excess, nor ever feel
The slowly creeping hours of restless night,
When shook with guilty horrors—But the WIND,

Whose fretful gusts of anger shake the world,
Bear more destructive on th' aspiring roofs
Of dome and palace, than on cottage low,
That meets Æolus with his gentler breath,
When safely shelter'd in the peaceful vale.
Is there a being breathes, howe'er so vile,
Too pitiful for Envy?—She, with venom'd tooth
And grinning madness, frowns upon the bliss
Of ev'ry species.—From the human form
That spurns the earth, and bends his mental eye
Thro' the profundity of space unknown,
Down to the crawling Bug's detested race.
Thus the lover pines, that reptile rude
Should 'midst the lilies of fair Chloe's breast
Implant the deep carnation, and enjoy
Those sweets which angel modesty hath scar'd
From eyes profane—Yet murmur not, ye few
Who gladly would be Bugs for Chloe's sake!
For soon, alas! the fluctuating gales
Of earthly joy invert the happy scene;
The breath of Spring may, with her balmy pow'r,
And warmth diffusive, give to Nature's face
Her brightest colours—But how short the space!
Till angry Eurus, from his putrid cave,
Deform the year, and all these sweets annoy.

Ev'n so befals it to this creeping race,
This envy'd commonwealth—For they a while
On CHLOE's bosom, alabaster fair,
May steal ambrosial bliss—or may regale
On the rich *viands* of luxurious blood,
Delighted and suffic'd. But mark the end:
Lo! WHITSUNTIDE appears with gloomy train
Of growing desolation.—First, *Upholsterer* rude
Removes the waving drapery, where, for years,
A thriving colony of old and young
Had hid their numbers from the prying day;
Anon they fall, and gladly would retire
To safer ambush, but his merc'less foot,
Ah, cruel pressure! cracks their vital springs,
And with their deep dy'd scarlet smears the floor.
Sweet pow'rs! has pity in the female breast
No tender residence—no lov'd abode,
To urge from murd'rous deed th' avenging hand
Of angry house-maid?—She'll have blood for blood!
For lo! the boiling streams from copper tube,
Hot as her rage, sweep myriads to death.
Their carcases are destin'd to the urn
Of some chaste Naiad, that gives birth to floods,

Whose fragrant virtues hail Edina, fam'd
For yellow limpid—whose chaste name the Muse
Thinks too exalted to retail in song.
Ah me! No longer they at midnight shade,
With baneful sting, shall seek the downy couch
Of slumb'ring mortals.—Nor shall love-sick swain,
When, by the bubbling brook, in fairy dream,
His nymph, but half reluctant to his wish,
Is gently folded in his eager arms,
E'er curse the shaft envenom'd, that disturbs
His long lov'd fancies.—Nor shall hungry bard,
Whose strong imagination, whetted keen,
Conveys him to the feast, be tantaliz'd
With pois'nous tortures, when the cup, brimful
Of purple vintage, gives him greater joy
Than all the heliconian streams that play
And murmur round Parnassus. Now the wretch
Oft doom'd to restless days and sleepless nights,
By bugbear Conscience thrall'd, enjoys an hour
Of undisturb'd repose.—The miser too
May brook his golden dreams, nor wake with fear
That thieves or kindred (for no soul he'll trust)

Have broke upon his chest, and strive to stea
The shining idols of his useless hours.
  Happy the Bug, whose unambitious views
To gilded pomp ne'er tempt him to aspire;
Safely may he, enwrapt in russet fold
Of cobweb'd curtain, set at bay the fears
That still attendant are on Bugs of state:
He never knows at morn the busy brush
Of scrubbing chambermaids; his coursing blood
Is ne'er obstructed with obnoxious dose
By OLIPHANT prepar'd—Too pois'nous drug!
As deadly fatal to this crawling tribe
As ball and powder to the sons of war.

A SATURDAY'S EXPEDITION.

IN MOCK HEROICS.

NON MIRA, SED VERA, CANAM.

AT that sweet period of revolving time
When Phœbus lingers not in Thetis' lap,
When twinkling stars their feeble influence
shed,
And scarcely glimmer thro' th' ethereal vault,
Till Sol again his near approach proclaims,
With ray purpureal, and the blushing form
Of fair Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
Leading the winged coursers to the pole
Of Phœbus' car.—'Twas in that season fair,
When jocund Summer did the meads array
In Flora's rip'ning bloom—that we prepar'd
To break the bonds of bus'ness, and to roam
Far from Edina's jarring noise a while.
Fair smil'd the wak'ning morn on our design,
And we with joy elate our march began
For LEITH's fair port, where oft EDINA's sons
The week conclude, and in carousal quaff

Port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva strong,
Liquors too nervous for the feeble purse.
With all convenient speed we there arriv'd,
Nor had we time to touch at house or hall,
Till from the boat a hollow thund'ring voice
Bellow'd vociferous, and our ears assail'd
With, "Ho! Kinghorn, oho! come straight aboard."
We fail'd not to obey the stern command,
Utter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar
Of Polyphemus, 'midst rebounding rocks,
When overcome by sage Ulysses' wiles.
"Hoist up your sails," the angry skipper cries,
While fore and aft the busy sailors run,
And loose th' entangled cordage—O'er the deep
Zephyrus blows, and hugs our lofty sails,
Which, in obedience to the powerful breeze,
Swell o'er the foaming main, and kiss the wave.
Now o'er the convex surface of the flood
Precipitate we fly—our foaming prow
Divides the saline stream—on either side
Ridges of yesty surge dilate apace;
But from the poop the waters gently flow,
And undulation for the time decays,
In eddies smoothly floating o'er the main.
Here let the muse in doleful numbers sing

The woeful fate of those whose cruel stars
Have doom'd them subject to the languid pow'rs
Of wat'ry sickness.—Tho' with stomach full
Of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,
Or all the dainties luxury can boast,
They brave the elements—yet the rocking bark,
Truly regardless of their precious food,
Converts their visage to the ghastly pale,
And makes the sea partaker of the sweets
On which they sumptuous far'd, and this the cause
Why those of Scotia's sons whose wealthy store
Hath blest them with a splendid coach and six,
Rather incline to linger on the way,
And cross the river Forth by Stirling bridge,
Than be subjected to the ocean's swell,
To dang'rous ferries, and to sickness dire.
And now at equal distance shews the land;
Gladly the tars the joyful task pursue
Of gathering in the freight—Debates arise
From counterfeited halfpence—In the hold
The seamen scrutinize and eager peep
Thro' ev'ry corner where their watchful eye
Suspect a lurking place, or dark retreat,
To hide the timid corpse of some poor soul,
Whose scanty purse can scarce one groat afford.
At length we cheerful land on Fifan shore,
Where sickness vanishes, and all the ills

Attendant on the passage of Kinghorn.
Our pallid cheeks resume their rosy hue,
And empty stomachs keenly crave supply.
With eager step we reach'd the friendly inn,
Nor did we think of beating our retreat,
Till ev'ry gnawing appetite was quell'd.
  Eastward along the Fifan coast we stray;
And here th' unwearied eye may fondly gaze
O'er all the tufted groves and pointed spires
With which the pleasant banks of Forth are crown'd.
Sweet navigable stream! where Commerce reigns,
Where Peace and jocund Plenty smile serene:
On thy green banks sits Liberty enthron'd,
But not that shadow which the English youth
So eagerly pursue; but freedom bought,
When Caledonia's triumphant sword
Taught the proud sons of Anglia to bemoan,
Their fate at *Bannockburn*, where thousands came
Never to tread their native soil again.
  Far in a hollow den, where Nature's hand
Had careless strew'd the rocks—a dreadful cave,
Whose concave ceiling echo'd to the floods
Their hollow murmurs on the trembling shore,
Demanded our approach.—The yawning porch

Its massy sides disclos'd, and o'er the top
The ivy tendrils twin'd th' uncultur'd fearn:
Fearful we pry into the dreary vault,
Hoary with age, and breathing noxious damps:
Here busy owls may unmolested dwell
In solitary gloom—for few there are
Whose inclination leads them to review
A cell where putrid smells infectious reign.*
Then turning westward, we our course pursue
Along the verge of Fortha's briny flood,
Till we o'ertake the gradual rising dale
Where fair Burntisland rears her rev'rend dome;
And here the vulgar sign-post, painted o'er
With imitations vile of man and horse,
Of small beer froathing o'er th' unshapely jug
With courteous invitation, spoke us fair
To enter in, and taste what precious drops
Were there reserv'd to moisten strangers throats,
Too often parch'd upon the tedious way.
After regaling here with sober cann,
Our limbs we plied, and nimbly measur'd o'er
The hills, the vales, and the extensive plains,
Which form the distance from *Bruntisland*'s port

* A large cave at a small distance from Kinghorn, supposed, about a century ago, to have been the receptacle of thieves.

To *Inverkeithing*. Westward still we went
Till in the ferry-boat we loll'd at ease;
Nor did we long on Neptune's empire float,
For scarce ten posting minutes were elaps'd
Till we again on *Terra Firma* stood,
And to M'Laren's march'd, where roasted lamb,
With cooling lettice, crown'd our social board.
Here too the chearing glass, chief foe to cares!
Went briskly round; and many a virgin fair
Receiv'd our homage in a bumper full.
Thus having sacrific'd a jocund hour,
To smiling mirth, we quit the happy scene,
And move progressive to Edina's walls.
Now still returning eve creep'd gradual on,
And the bright sun, as weary of the sky,
Beam'd forth a languid occidental ray;
Whose ruby tinctur'd radiance faintly gleam'd
Upon the airy cliffs and distant spires,
That float on the horizon's utmost verge.
So we, with fessive joints and ling'ring pace,
Mov'd slowly on, and did not reach the town
Till Phœbus had unyok'd his prancing steeds.
Ye sons of Caledonia! who delight,
With all the pomp and pageantry of state,
To roll along in gilded affluence,
For one poor moment wean your thoughts from these.

And list this humble strain.—If you, like us,
Could brave the angry waters, be uprous'd
By the first salutation to the morn
Paid by the watchful cock; or be compell'd
On foot to wander o'er the lonely plain
For twenty tedious miles; then should the gout
With all his racking pangs forsake your frame:
For he delights not to traverse the field,
Or rugged steed, but prides him to recline
On the luxuriance of a velvet fold,
Where indolence on purple sopha lolls.

THE

CANONGATE PLAY-HOUSE

IN RUINS.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

YE few whose feeling hearts are ne'er estrang'd
From soft emotions!—Ye who often wear
The eye of Pity, and often vent her sighs,
When sad *Melpomene*, in woe-fraught strains,
Gains entrance to the breast; or often smile
When brisk *Thalia* gaily trips along
Scenes of enliv'ning mirth, attend my song!
And Fancy, thou! whose ever-flaming light
Can penetrate into the dark abyss
Of chaos and of hell: O! with thy blazing torch
The wasteful scenes illumine, that the Muse,
With daring pinions, may her flight pursue,
Nor with timidity be known to soar
O'er the *theatric world*, to chaos chang'd.
Can I contemplate on those dreary scenes
Of mould'ring desolation, and forbid

The voice elegiac, and the falling tear!
No more from box to box the basket pil'd
With oranges as radiant as the spheres,
Shall with their luscious virtues charm the sense
Of *taste* and *smell*. No more the gaudy beau,
With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,
Or *bergamot*, or *rose* of *waters* pure,
With flavoriferous sweets shall chace away
The pestilential fumes of vulgar cits,
Who, in impatience for the curtain's rise,
Amus'd the ling'ring moments, and apply'd
Thirst-quenching porter to their parched lips.
Alas, how sadly alter'd is the scene!
For lo! those sacred walls, that late were brush'd
By rustling silks and waving capuchines,
Are now become the sport of Wrinkled Time!
Those walls, that late have echo'd to the voice
Of stern King *Richard*, to the seat transform'd
Of crawling spiders and detested moths,
Who in the lonely crevices reside;
Or gender in the beams, that have upheld
Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew
Of thund'rers in the galleries above.
O Shakespeare! where are all thy tinsell'd kings,
Thy fawning courtiers, and thy waggish clowns?

Where all thy fairies, spirits, witches, fiends,
That here have gambol'd in nōcturnal sport,
Round the lone oak, or sunk in fear away
From the shrill summons of the cock at morn?
Where now the temples, palaces, and tow'rs?
Where now the groves that ever-verdant smil'd?
Where now the streams that never ceas'd to flow?
Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the winds,
The thunders, lightnings, and the tempests strong!
Here shepherds, lolling in their woven bow'rs,
In dull *recitativo* often sung
Their loves, accompanied with clangor strong
From horns, from trumpets, clarinets, bassoons;
From violinos sharp, or droning bass,
Or the brisk tinkling of a harpsichord.
Such is thy pow'r, O Music! such thy fame
That it has fabled been, how foreign song,
Soft issuing from *Tenducci's* slender throat,
Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd
Round the empyreum of Jove himself,
High seated on Olympus' airy top.
Nay, that his fev'rous voice was known to soothe
The shrill ton'd prating of the females' tongues,
Who, in obedience to the lifeless song,

All prostrate fell, all fainting dy'd away
In silent ecstasies of passing joy.
Ye who oft wander by the silver light
Of sister *Luna*,—or to church-yard's gloom,
Or cypress shades, if Chance should guide your steps
To this sad mansion, think not that you tread
Unconsecrated paths; for on this ground
Have holy streams been pour'd, and flow'rets strew'd;
While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
Lies useless here entomb'd, with heaps of coin
Stampt in *theatric mint:* offenceless gold!
That carried not persuasion in its hue,
To tutor mankind in their evil ways.
After a lengthen'd series of years,
When the unhallow'd spade shall discompose
This mass of earth, then relics shall be found,
Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.
Ye spouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,
And nightly come within those naked walls,
To shed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
Of precious inspiration have you suck'd
From its dramatic sources. O! look here
Upon this roofless and forsaken pile,
And stalk in pensive sorrow o'er the ground
Where you've beheld so many noble scenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
And orange-groves, and love inspiring wine,
Have oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire,
With hollow groanings and convulsive pangs,
The ground hath rent, and all those beauties foil'd,
Will he refrain to shed the grateful drop,
A tribute justly due (tho' seldom paid)
To the blest memory of happier times?

FASHION. *A Poem.*

Bred up where discipline most rare is,
In Military Garden *Paris.*

HUDIBRAS.

O NATURE, parent goddess! at thy shrine,
Prone to the earth, the Muse, in humble song,
Thy aid implores: Nor will she wing her flight,
Till thou, bright form! in thy effulgence pure
Deign'st to look down upon her lowly state,
And shed thy pow'rful influence benign.
Come then, regardless of vain Fashion's fools,
Of all those vile enormities of shape
That croud the world, and with thee bring
Wisdom in sober contemplation clad,
To lash those bold usurpers from the stage.
On that bless'd spot where the Parisian dome
To fools the stealing hand of Time displays,
FASHION her empire holds, a goddess great!
View her amidst the *Millenarian* train
On a resplendent throne, exalted high,
Strangely diversified with gewgaw forms.
Her busy hand glides pleasureably o'er

The darling novelties, the trinkets rare,
That greet the sight of the admiring dames,
Those dear-bought treasures o'er their native isle
Contagious spread, infect the wholesome air
That cherish'd vigour in Britannia's sons.
Near this proud seat of Fashion's antic form
A sphere revolves, on whose bright orb behold
The circulating mode of changeful dress,
Which, like the image of the sun himself,
Glories in coursing thro' the diverse signs
Which blazon in the zodiac of heav'n..
Around her throne coquets and *petit beaux*
Unnumber'd shine, and with each other vie
In nameless ornaments and gaudy plumes.
O worthy emulation! to excel
In trifles such as these: how truly great!
Unworthy of the peevish blubb'ring boy,
Crush'd in his childhood by the fondling nurse,
Who, for some fav'rite bauble, frets and pines.
Amongst the proud attendants of this shrine,
The wealthy, young, and gay *Clarinda* draws,
From poorer objects, the astonish'd eye:
Her looks, her dress, and her affected mien
Doom her enthusiast keen in Fashion's train:
White as the cover'd *Alps*, or wint'ry face
Of snowy *Lapland*, her *toupee* uprear'd,
Exhibits to the view a cumbrous mass

Of curls high nodding o'er her polish'd brow
From which redundant flows the Brussels lace
With pendant ribbons too of various dye,
Where all the colours in th' ethereal bow
Unite, and blend, and tantalize the sight.
Nature! to thee alone, not Fashion's pomp
Does Beauty owe her all-commanding eye.
From the green bosom of the wat'ry main,
Array'd by thee, majestic Venus rose,
With waving ringlets carelessly diffus'd,
Floating luxurious o'er the restless surge.
What *Rubens*, then, with his enliv'ning hand
Could paint the bright vermilion of her cheek
Pure as the roseate portal of the east,
That opens to receive the cheering ray
Of Phœbus beaming from the orient sky?
For sterling Beauty needs no faint essays,
Or colourings of art, to gild her more:
She is all perfect. And, if Beauty fail,
Where are those ornaments, those rich attire
Which can reflect a lustre on that face,
Where she with light innate disdains to shine
Britons, beware of Fashion's luring wiles
On either hand, chief guardians of her pow'r
And sole dictators of her fickle voice,
Folly and dull *effeminacy* reign;
Whose blackest magic and unhallow'd spells

'he Roman ardour check'd; their strength
decay'd,
ınd all their glory scatter'd to the winds.
Tremble, O Albion! for the voice of Fate
eems ready to decree thy after-fall.
'y pride, by luxury, what fated ills
'nheeded have approach'd thy mortal frame!
[ow many foreign weeds their heads have
rear'd
ı thy fair garden? Hasten, 'ere their strength
nd baneful vegetation taint the soil,
'o root out rank disease, which soon must
spread,
' no bless'd antidote will purge away
ashion's proud minions from our sea-girt isle.

A BURLESQUE ELEGY

On the Amputation of a Student's Hair, before his Orders.

O SAD catastrophe! O event dire!
How shall the loss, the heavy loss be borne?
Or how the Muse attune the plaintive lyre,
To sing of *Strephon*, with his ringlets shorn.

Say ye, who can divine the mighty cause,
From whence this modern circumcision springs?
Why such oppressive and such rigid laws
Are still attendant on religious things?

Alas! poor *Strephon*, to the stern decree
Which prunes your tresses, are you doom'd to yield?
Soon shall your *caput*, like the blasted tree,
Diffuse its faded honours o'er the field.

Now let the solemn sounds of mourning swell,
And wake sad echoes to prolong the lay;

For hark! methinks I hear the tragic knell;
This hour bespeaks the barber on his way.

O razor, yet thy poignant edge suspend;
O yet indulge me with a short delay;
Till I once more pourtray my youthful friend,
'Ere his proud locks are scatter'd on the clay.

'Ere the huge *wig*, in formal curls array'd,
With pulvile pregnant, shall o'ershade his face;
Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid,
To banish lustre from the sacred place.

Mourn, O ye zephyrs! for, alas! no more
His waving ringlets shall your call obey!
For, ah! the stubborn wig must now be wore,
Since *Strephon's* locks are scatter'd on the clay.

Amanda, too, in bitter anguish sighs,
And grieves the metamorphosis to see;
Mourn not, *Amanda,* for the hair that lies
Dead on the ground shall be revived for thee.

Some skilful artist of a French *frizeur*,
With graceful ringlets shall thy temples bind,
And cull the precious relics from the floor,
Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

WRITTEN AT THE

HERMITAGE OF BRAID,

NEAR EDINBURGH.

WOULD you relish a rural retreat,
Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley, and chrystaline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
A covert of verdure have spread,
Where shepherds may loll at their ease,
And pipe to the musical shade:

For lo! thro' each op'ning is heard,
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a musical bird,
Whose numbers do gracefully flow.

The bushes and arbours so green,
The tendrils of spray interwove,
With foliage shelter the scene,
And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus transported may rove
From pleasure to pleasure unseen,
Nor wish for the Cyprian grove
Her youthful Adonis to screen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear;
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near.

A TALE.

SE rigid pedagogues and fools,
walk by self-invented rules,
ten try, with empty head,
:mptier mortals to mislead,
'ain would urge, that none but they
l rightly teach the A, B, C,
hich they 've got an endless comment,
ifling minds of mighty moment,
wing forth barriers in the way
)se who genius display,
ten, ah! too often teaze
ı out of patience, and of fees,
e they 're able to explode
uctions thrown on Learning's road.
mankind all employ their tools
ınish pedantry from schools!
may each pedagogue avail,
ıt'ning to the after tale!
ise Mr. Birch had long intended
ılphabet should be amended,
:aught that H a breathing was,
he saw no proper cause,

Why such a letter should exist:
Thus in a breath was he dismiss'd,
With, "O beware, beware, O youth!
"Take not the villain in your mouth."
One day this alphabetic sinner
Was eager to devour his dinner,
When to appease the craving glutton,
His boy *Tom* produc'd the mutton.
Was such disaster ever told?
Alas! the meat was deadly cold!
Here take and h—eat it says the master;
Quoth Tom, that shall be done, and fast, Sir:
And few there are who will dispute it;
And he went instantly about it;
For *Birch* had scorn'd the H to say,
And blew him with a puff away.
The bell was rung with dread alarm;
"Bring me the mutton, is it warm?"
Sir you desir'd, and I have eat it;
"You lie, my orders were to heat it."
Quoth Tom, I'll readily allow
That H is but a breathing now.

THE

PEASANT, THE HEN, & YOUNG DUCKS,

A FABLE.

A HEN, of all the dung-hill crew
The fairest, stateliest to view,
Of laying tir'd, she fondly begs
Her Keeper's leave to hatch her eggs:
He, dunn'd with the incessant cry,
Was forc'd for peace's sake to comply;
And in a month the downy brood
Came chirping round the hen for food,
Who view'd them with parental eyes
Of pleasing fondness and surprise,
And was not at a loss to trace
Her likeness growing in their face;
Tho' the broad *bills* could well declare
That they another's offspring were;
So strong will prejudices blind,
And lead astray the easy mind.
To the green margin of the brook
The hen her fancied children took;

Each young one shakes his unfledg'd wings,
And to the flood by instinct springs;
With willing strokes they gladly swim,
Or dive into the glassy stream,
While the fond mother vents her grief,
And prays the *peasant's* kind relief.
The peasant heard the bitter cries,
And thus in terms of rage replies:
"You fool! give o'er your useless moan,
"Nor mourn misfortunes not your own;
"But learn in wisdom to forsake
"The offspring of the *duck* and *drake*."
To whom the hen, with angry crest
And scornful look, herself addrest:
"If *reason* were my constant guide
"(Of man the ornament and pride,)
"Then should I boast a cruel heart,
"And foreign feeling all depart;
"But since poor I, by *instinct* blind,
"Can boast no feelings so refin'd,
"'Tis hop'd your reason will excuse,
"Tho' I your counsel sage refuse,
"And from the perils of the flood
"Attempt to save another's brood."

MORAL.

When Pity, gen'rous nymph! possest
And mov'd at will the human breast,

No tongue its distant sufferings told,
But she assisted, she condol'd,
And willing bore her tender part
In all the feelings of the heart;
But now from her our hearts decoy'd,
To sense of other woes destroy'd,
Act only from a selfish view,
Nor give the aid to Pity due.

TO THE MEMORY

OF JOHN CUNNINGHAM, *the Poet.*

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
PAN, the father of our sheep:
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the Muse and her song!
Ye grottos and dropping alcoves,
No stranger's to Corydon's tongue!

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear;
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, sprightly, and free,

Shall send forth the sounds of dismay,
And sigh with sad pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze;
His reed can no longer controul;
His numbers no longer can please,
Or send kind relief to the soul.

But long may they wander and bleat,
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale shall repeat,
And the waters shall mournfully flow.

For these were the haunts of his love,
The sacred retreats of his ease,
Where favourite Fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will discolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound,
A face pale and languid she'll wear,
A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn,
The shades of Parnassus decay;
The Muses will dry their sad urn,
Since 'reft of young Corydon's lay.

To him ev'ry passion was known
That throbb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shewn
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the caroling thrush on the spray
In music soft warb'ling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,
And the songs of the shepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the snare,
When repining at pityless love.

The summer but languidly gleams,
Pomona no comfort can bring,
Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor streams,
Nor the May-born *flow'rets* of spring.

They 've fled all with Corydon's Muse,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe;
Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs,
As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring
His lyre was melodiously strung;

While *fairies* and *fauns* in a ring
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,
To the woeful his sigh and his tear;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppression was near.

Tho' *titles* and *wealth* were his due,
Tho' Fortune denied the reward;
Yet truth and sincerity knew
What the goddess would never regard.

Avails aught the generous heart,
Which Nature to Goodness design'd,
If Fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to *dismay*,
The cells of the wretched among;
Tho' sympathy sung in the lay,
Tho' melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of Fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and poor:
Tho' Corydon's lays can befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to Compassion are dumb,
To Pity their voices unknown;
Near Sorrow they never can come,
'Till *Misfortune* has mark'd them her own.

Now the shades of the evening depend;
Each warbler is lull'd on the spray;
The cypress doth ruefully bend
Where the cold corpse of Corydon stay.

Adieu then the songs of the swain!
Let Peace still attend on his shade;
And his pipe that is dumb to his strain,
In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

THE

DELIGHTS OF VIRTUE.

RETURNING Morn, in orient blush array'd,
With gentle radiance hail'd the sky serene;
No rustly breezes wav'd the verdant shade,
Nor swelling surge disturb'd the azure main.

These moments, Meditation, sure are thine;
These are the halcyon joys you wish to find,
When Nature's Peaceful elements combine
To suit the calm composure of the mind.

The Muse, exalted by thy sacred pow'r,
To the green mountain's air-born summit flew,
Charm'd with the thoughtful stillness of an hour,
That usher'd beaming Fancy to her view.

Fresh from old Neptune's fluid mansion sprung
The sun, reviver of each drooping flow'r;
At his approach the lark, with *matin* song,
In notes of gratitude confess'd his pow'r.

So shines fair Virtue, shedding light divine,
On those who wish'd to profit by her ways;
Who ne'er at parting with their vice repine,
To taste the comforts of her blissful rays.

She with fresh hopes each sorrow can beguile,
Can dissipate Adversity's stern gloom,
Make meagre Poverty contented smile,
And the sad wretch forget his hapless doom.

Sweeter than shady groves in summer's pride,
Than flow'ry dales or grassy meads is she;
Delightful as the honey'd streams that glide
From the rich labours of the busy bee.

Her paths and alleys are for ever green;
There innocence, in snowy robes array'd,
With smiles of pure content is hail'd the queen
And happy mistress of the sacred shade.

O let not transient gleams of earthly joy
From Virtue lure your lab'ring steps aside;
Nor instant grandeur future hopes annoy
With thoughts that spring from Insolence and Pride.

Soon will the winged moments speed away,
When you 'll no more the plumes of honour wear;
Grandeur must shudder at the sad decay,
And pride look humble when he ponders there.

Depriv'd of Virtue, where is beauty's pow'r?
Her dimpl'd smiles, her roses charm no more;
So much can guilt the loveliest form deflow'r,
We loath that beauty which we lov'd before.

How fair are Virtue's buds where-e'er they blow,
Or in the desart wild or garden gay!
Her flow'rs how sacred whereso'er they show,
Unknown to the black canker of decay!

A TAVERN ELEGY.

FLED are the moments of delusive Mirth,
The fancy'd pleasure! paradise divine!
Hush'd are the clamours that derive their birt
From gen'rous floods of soul reviving wine

Still night and silence now succeed the noise
The ebbing tides of passion rage no more;
But all is peaceful as the ocean's voice
When breezeless waters kiss the silent shor

Here stood the *juice* whose care-controulir
pow'rs
Could ev'ry human misery subdue,
And wake to sportive joy the lazy hours,
That to the languid senses hateful grew.

Attracted by the magic of the bowl,
Around the swelling brim in full array
The glasses circl'd, as the planets roll,
And hail with borrow'd light the god
day.

Here Music, the delight of moments gay,
Bade the unguarded tongues their motions cease,
And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,
Aw'd the fell voice of Discord into Peace.

These are the joys that Virtue must approve,
While Reason shines with majesty divine,
'Ere our ideas in disorder move,
And sad excess against the soul combine.

What evils have not frenzy'd mortals done
By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind!
How many by its force to vice are won,
Since first ordain'd to tantalize mankind!

By Bacchus' pow'r, ye sons of riot! say,
How many watchful centinels have bled!
How many travellers have lost their way,
By *lamps* unguided thro' the ev'ning shade!

O spare those friendly twinklers of the night!
Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs assail!
For *cowardice* alone condemns the light,
That shews her countenance aghast and pale.

Now the short taper warns me to depart,
'Ere Darkness shall assume his dreary sway,

'Ere Solitude fall heavy on my heart,
That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who would not vindicate the happy doom
To be for ever number'd with the dead,
Rather than bear the miserable gloom,
When all his comfort, all his friends are fled!

Bear me, ye gods! where I may calmly rest
From all the follies of the night secure;
The balmy blessings of Repose to taste,
Nor hear the tongue of Outrage at my door.

GOOD EATING.

HEAR, O ye host of Epicurus! hear!
Each portly form, whose overhanging paunch
Can well denote the all-transcendant joy
That springs unbounded from fruition full
Of rich repast; to you I consecrate
The song advent'rous; happy if the Muse
Can cook the numbers to your palates keen,
Or send but half the relish with her song,
That smoking *sirloins* to your souls convey.
Hence now, ye starv'lings wan! whose empty wombs
Oft echo to the hollow-murm'ring tones
Of Hunger fell.—Avaunt, ye base born hinds!
Whose fates unkind ne'er destin'd you to gorge
The banquet rare, or wage a pleasing war
With the delicious morsels of the earth.
To you I sing not: for, alas! what pain,
What tantalizing tortures would ensue,
To aid the force of *Famine's* sharpest tooth,
Were I to breath my accents in your ear!
Hail, ROAST BEEF! monarch of the festive throng,
To hunger's bane the strongest antidote;

Come, and with all thy rage-appeasing sweet
Our appetites allay! For, or attended
By *root Hibernian*, or *plumb pudding* rare,
Still thou art welcome to the social board.
Say, can the spicy gales from *Orient* blown,
Or zephyr's wing, that from the *orange* grove
Brushes the breeze, with rich perfumes replete
More aromatic or reviving smell
To nostrils bring? Or can the glassy streams
Of *Pactolus*, that o'er its golden sands
Delightful glide, thy luscious drops outvie,
That from thy sides embrown'd unnumber'd
fall?
Behold, at thy approach, what smiles serene
Beam from the ravish'd guests!—Still are thei
tongues,
While they with whetted instruments prepare
For deep incision.—Now the *abscess* bleeds,
And the devouring band, with stomachs keen,
And glutting rage, thy beauteous form destroy
Leave you a marrowless skeleton and bare,
A prey to dunghills, or vexatious sport
Of torrent rushing from *defilement's urns*,
That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.
So fares it with the man, whose pow'rful pel
Once could command respect. Caress'd by all
His bounties were as lavish as the hand
Of yellow *Ceres*, till his stores decay'd,

And then (O dismal tale!) those precious drops
Of flatt'ry that bedew'd his spring of fortune,
Leave the sad winter of his state so fall'n,
Nor nurse the thorn from which they ne'er can hope
Again to pluck the odour dropping rose!
For thee, *Roast Beef!* in variegated shapes,
Have mortals toil'd.—The *sailor* sternly braves
The strength of *Boreas*, and exulting stands
Upon the sea-wash'd deck—with hopes inspir'd
Of yet indulging in thy wish'd for sweets,
He smiles amidst the dangers that surround him;
Cheerful he steers to cold forbidden climes,
Or to the torrid zone explores his way.
Be kind, ye Pow'rs! and still propitious send
This paragon of feeding to our halls.
With this regal'd, who would vain-glorious wish
For tow'ring pyramids superbly crown'd,
With *jellies*, *syllabubs*, or *ice creams* rare?
These can amuse the eye, and may bestow
A short-liv'd pleasure to a palate strange;
But, for a moment's pleasure, who would vend
A life-time that would else be spent in joy,
For hateful *loathings* and for *gouty rheums*,
Ever preceded by indulg'd excess!
Blest be those walls where HOSPITALITY
And Welcome reign at large! there may you oft

Of social cheer partake, and love and joy,
Pleasures that to the human mind convey
Ideal pictures of the bliss supreme:
But near the gate where parsimony dwells,
Where ceremony cool, and brow austere,
Confront the guests, ne'er let thy foot approach!
For, void of kind benev'lence, heav'nly virtue
What is life's garden but a devious wild,
Thro' which the traveller must pass forlorn,
Unguided by the aid of Friendship's ray?
Rather, if Poverty hold converse with thee,
To the lone garret's lofty bield ascend,
Or dive to some sad cell; there have recourse
To meagre *offals*, where, tho' small thy fare,
Freedom shall wing thee to a purer joy
Than banquets with superfluous dainties crown'd,
Mix'd with reserve and coolness, can afford.
But if your better fortunes have prepar'd
Your purse with *ducats*, and with health the frame,
Assemble, friends! and to the tavern straight,
Where the officious *waiter*, bending low,
Is passive to a fault. Then, nor the *Signior Grand*,
Or Russia's Empress, signaliz'd for war,
Can govern with more arbitrary sway.

Ye who for health, for exercise, for air,
Oft saunter from *Edina's* smoke-capt spires,
And, by the grassy hill or dimpl'd brook,
An appetite revive, should oft-times stray
O'er *Arthur's-seat's* green pastures, to the town
For *sheep-heads* and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,
That in our country's annals stands yclept
Fair *Duddingstonia,* where you may be blest
With simple fare and vegetable sweets,
Freed from the clamours of the busy world.
Or, if for recreation you should stray
To *Leithian* shore, and breathe the keener air
Wafted from Neptune's empire of the main;
If appetite invite, and cash prevail,
Ply not your joints upon the homeward track,
Till LAWSON, chiefest of the Scottish hosts!
To nimble-footed waiters give command
The cloth to lay.—Instinctively they come,
And lo! the table, wrapt in cloudy steams,
Groans with the weight of the transporting fare
That breathes frankincense on the guests around.
Now, while stern Winter holds his frigid sway,
And to a period spins the closing year;
While festivals abound, and sportive hours

Kill the remembrance of our weaning time,
Let not Intemperance, destructive fiend!
Gain entrance to your halls.—Despoil'd by
him,
Shall cloyed appetite, forerunner sad
Of rank disease, invet'rate clasp your frame.
Contentment shall no more be known to spread
Her cherub wings round thy once happy dwelling,
But misery of thought, and racking pain,
Shall plunge you headlong to the dark abyss.

TEA. *A Poem.*

YE maidens modest! on whose sullen brows
Hath weaning Chastity her wrinkles cull'd,
Who constant labour o'er consumptive oil,
At midnight knell, to wash sleep's nightly balm
From closing eye-lids, with the grateful drops
Of TEA's blest juices; list th' obsequious lays
That come not with Parnassian honours crown'd,
To dwell in murmurs o'er your sleepy sense,
But fresh from *Orient* blown to chace far off
Your *lethargy*, that dormant *needles* rous'd
May pierce the waving *Mantua's* silken folds:
For many a dame in chamber sadly pent,
Hath this reviving limpid call'd to life;
And well it did, to mitigate the frowns
Of anger reddening on *Lucinda's* brow,
With flash malignant, that had harbour'd there,
If she at masquerade, or play, or ball,
Appear'd not in her newest, best attire.
But VENUS, goddess of th' eternal smile,
Knowing that stormy brows but ill become
Fair patterns of her beauty, hath ordain'd

Celestial Tea!—A fountain that can cure
The ills of passion, and can free the fair
From frowns and sighs, by Disappointment earn'd.
To her, ye fair, in adoration bow!
Whether at blushing morn, or dewy eve;
Her smoaking cordials greet your fragrant board,
With Shushong, Congo, or coarse Bohea crown'd.
At midnight skies, ye *Mantua-makers*, hail
The sacred offering!—For the haughty *Belles*
No longer upbraid your ling'ring hands
With trains upborn aloft by dusky gales
That sweep the ball-room—swift they glide along,
And, with their sailing streamers, catch the eye
Of some *Adonis*, mark'd to love a prey,
Whose bosom ne'er had panted with a sigh,
But for the silken drap'ries that inclose
Graces which nature has by Art conceal'd.
Mark well the fair! observe their modest eye,
With all the innocence of beauty blest.
Could Slander o'er that tongue its pow'r retain
Whose breath is music? Ah, fallacious thought!
The surface is Ambrosia's mingl'd sweets;
But all below is death. At tea-board met,

Attend their prattling tongues—they scoff—
they rail
Unbounded; but their darts are chiefly aim'd
At some gay *Fair*, whose beauties far eclipse
Her dim beholders—who, with haggard eyes,
Would blight those charms where raptures
long have dwelt
In extacy, delighted and suffic'd.
In vain hath *Beauty*, with her varied robe,
Bestow'd her glowing blushes o'er her cheeks,
And call'd attendant Graces to her aid,
To blend the scarlet and the lilly fair.
In vain did Venus in her fav'rite mould
Adapt the slender form to Cupid's choice—
When slender comes, her blasts too fatal prove;
Pale are those cheeks where youth and beauty
glow'd,
Where smiles, where freshness, and where
roses grew:
Ghastly and wan their *Gorgon* picture comes,
With ev'ry Fury grinning from the looks
Of frightful monster—*Envy's* hissing tongue,
With deepest vengeance wounds, and ev'ry
wound
With deeper canker, deeper poison teems.
O Gold! thy luring lustre first prevail'd
On Man to tempt the fretful winds and waves,
And hunt new fancies. Still thy glaring form

Bids Commerce thrive, and o'er the Indian waves,
O'er-stemming danger, draw the lab'ring keel
From *China's* coast to *Britain's* colder clime,
Fraught with the fruits and herbage of their vales;
In them whatever vegetable springs,
How loathsome and corrupted, triumphs here,
The bane of life, of health the sure decay;
Yet, yet ye swallow, and extol the draught,
Tho' nervous ails should spring, and vap'rish qualms
Our senses and our appetites destroy.
Look round, ye *sipplers* of the poison'd cup
From foreign plant distill'd! no more repine
That *Nature*, sparing of her sacred sweets,
Hath doom'd you in a wilderness to dwell,
While round Britannia's streams she kindly rears
Green *Sage* and *Wild Thyme*.—These were sure decreed
As plants of *Britain* to regale her sons
With native moisture, more refreshing sweet,
And more profuse of health and vigour's balm,
Than all the stems that *India* can boast.

THE SOW OF FEELING.

Well! I protest there's no such thing as dealing
With these starch'd poets—with these MEN of FEELING.
EPILOGUE *to the* PRINCE *of* TUNIS.

MALIGNANT planets! do ye still combine
Against this wayward, dreary life of mine!
Has pityless Oppression—(cruel case!)
Gain'd sole possession of the human race?
By cruel hands has ev'ry virtue bled,
And innocence from men to vultures fled!
Thrice happy had I liv'd in Jewish time,
When swallowing pork or pig was thought a crime;
My husband long had blest my longing arms,
Long, long had known Love's sympathetic charms!
My children too—a little suckling race,
With all their father growing in their face,
From their prolific *dam* had ne'er been torn,
Nor to the bloody stalls of butchers borne.
Ah! Luxury! to you my being owes
Its load of misery—its load of woes!

With heavy heart I saunter all the day,
Gruntle and murmur all my hours away!
In vain I try to summon old Desire,
For fav'rite sports—for wallowing in the mire:
Thoughts of my husband—of my children slain,
Turn all my wonted pleasure into pain!
How oft did we, in Phœbus' warming ray,
Bask on the humid softness of the clay!
Oft did his lusty *head* defend my *tail*
From the rude whispers of the angry gale;
While *nose-refreshing* puddles stream'd around,
And floating odours hail'd the *dung-clad* ground.
Near by a rustic mill's inchanting clack,
Where plenteous bushels load the *peasant's* back,
In *straw-crown'd hovel,* there to life we came,
One *boar* our father, and one *sow* our dam:
While tender infants on their mother's breast,
A flame divine on either shone confest;
In riper hours Love's more than ardent blaze
Inkindled all his passion, all his praise!
No deadly, sinful passion fir'd his soul,
Virtue o'er all his actions gain'd controul!
That *cherub* which attracts the female heart,
And makes them soonest with their beauty part,

Attracted mine;—I gave him all my love,
In the recesses of a verdant grove:
'Twas there I list'ned to his warmest vows,
Amidst the pendant melancholy boughs;
'Twas there my trusty lover shook for me
A show'r of *acorns* from the *oaken* tree;
And from the teeming earth, with joy, plough'd out
The root salubrious with his hardy snout.
But happiness, a floating meteor thou!
That still inconstant art to man and sow,
Left us in gloomiest *horrors* to reside,
Near by the deep-dy'd *sanguinary tide*
Where whetting *steel* prepares the butch'ring knives,
With greater ease to take the harmless lives
Of *cows*, and *calves*, and *sheep*, and *hog*, who fear
The bite of bull-dogs, that incessant tear
Their flesh, and keenly suck the blood-stilling ear!
At length the day, th' eventful day drew near,
Detested cause of many a briny tear!
I'll weep till sorrow shall my eye-lids drain,
A tender husband, and a brother slain!
Alas! the lovely languor of his eye,
When the base murd'rers bore him captive by!

His mournful voice! the music of his groans,
Had melted any hearts—but hearts of stones!
O! had some angel at that instant come,
Giv'n me four nimble fingers and a thumb,
The blood-stain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,
And sudden sent him to the shades below—
Where, or *Pythagoras'* opinion jests,
Beasts are made *butchers*—butchers chang'd to *beasts*.

In early times the law had wise decreed,
For human food but reptiles few should bleed;
But monstrous man, still erring from the laws,
The curse of heaven on his banquet draws!
Already has he drain'd the marshes dry
For *frogs*, new emblems of his luxury;
And soon the *toad* and *lizard* will come home,
Pure victims to the hungry glutton's womb:
Cats, *rats*, and *mice*, their destiny may mourn,
In time their carcasses on spits must turn;
They may rejoice to-day—while I resign
Life to to be number'd 'mongst the *feeling swine*.

AN EXPEDITION

TO FIFE & THE ISLAND OF MAY.

On board the BLESSED ENDEAVOUR, of Dunbar, Captain ROXBURGH, commander.

LIST, O ye slumb'rers on the peaceful shore!
Whose lives are one unvariegated calm
Of stillness and of sloth: and hear, O nymph!
In heav'n yclept *Pleasure:* from your throne
Effulgent send a heav'nly radiant beam,
That, cheer'd by thee, the *Muse* may bend her way;
For from no earthly flight she builds her song,
But from the bosom of green Neptune's main
Would fain emerge, and under *Phœbe's* reign,
Transmit her numbers to inclining ears.
Now when the choiring songsters quit the groves,
And solemn sounding whispers lull the spray,
To meditation sacred, let me roam
O'er the blest floods that wash our natal shore,
And view the wonders of the deep profound,

While now the western breezes reign around,
And Boreas, sleeping in his iron cave,
Regains his strength and animated rage,
To wake new *tempests* and inswell new *seas*.
And now *Favonius* wings the sprightly gale;
The willing canvas, swelling with the breeze,
Gives life and motion to our bounding prow,
While the hoarse *boatswain's* pipe shrill sounding far,
Calls all the tars to action. *Hardy sons!*
Who shudder not at life's devouring gales,
But smile amidst the tempest-sounding jars,
Or 'midst the hollow thunders of the war:
Fresh sprung from *Greenland's* cold, they hail with joy
The happier clime, the fresh autumnal breeze,
By *Sirius* guided to allay the heat,
That else would parch the vigour of their veins.
Hard change, alas! from petrifying cold
Instant to plunge to the severest ray
That burning *Dog-star* or bright *Phœbus* sheds.
Like *comet* whirling thro' th' etherial void,
Now they are redden'd with the solar blaze,
Now froze and tortur'd with the frigid zone.
Thrice happy Britons! whose well-temper'd clay
Can face all climes, all tempests, and all seas.
These are the sons that check the growing war;

These are the sons that hem *Britannia* round
From sudden innovation; awe the shores,
And make their drooping pendants hail her queen
And mistress of the globe.—They guard our beds,
While fearless we enjoy secure repose,
And all the blessings of a bounteous sky.
To them in fev'rous adoration bend,
Ye fashion'd *Macaronies!* whose bright blades
Were never dimm'd or stain'd in hostile blood,
But still hang dangling at your feeble thigh,
While thro' the *Mall* or *Park* you shew away,
Or thro' the drawing-room on tiptoe steal.
On poop aloft, to *messmates* laid along,
Some son of Neptune, whose old wrinkl'd brow
Has bay'd the ratling thunder, tell's his tale
Of dangers, sieges, and of battles dire,
While they, elate with success of the day,
Cheer him with happy smiles, or bitter sighs,
When Fortune with a sourer aspect grins.
Ah! how unstable are the joys of life!
The pleasures, ah! how few!—Now smile the skies
With visage mild, and now the thunders shake,
And all the radiance of the heav'ns deflow'r.
Thro' the small op'nings of the mainsail broad,
Lo, *Boreas* steals, and tears him from the yard,

Where long and lasting he has play'd his part!
So suffers *Virtue*. When in her fair form
The smallest flaw is found, the whole decays.
In vain she may implore with piteous eye,
And spread her naked pinions to the blast:
A reputation maim'd finds no repair,
Till Death, the ghastly monarch, shuts the scene.
And now we gain the *May*, whose midnight light,
Like vestal virgins' off'rings undecay'd,
To mariners bewilder'd acts the part
Of social Friendship, guiding those who err,
With kindly radiance to their destin'd port.
Thanks, kindest Nature! for those floating gems,
Those green-grown isles, with which you lavish strew
Great Neptune's empire. But for thee! the main
Were an uncomfortable mazy flood.
No guidance then would bless the steersman's skill,
No resting-place would crown the mar'ner's wish,
When he to distant gales his canvass spreads
To search new wonders.—Here the verdant shores

Teem with new freshness, and regale our sight
With caves that ancient Time, in days of yore,
Sequester'd for the haunt of *Druid* lone,
There to remain in solitary cell,
Beyond the pow'r of mortals to disjoin
From holy meditation.—Happy now
To cast our eyes around from shore to shore,
While by the oozy caverns on the beech
We wander wild, and listen to the roar
Of billows murm'ring with incessant noise.
And now, by Fancy led, we wander wild
Where o'er the rugged steep the buried dead
Remote lie anchor'd in their parent mould;
Where a few fading willows point the state
Of man's decay. Ah, Death! where'er we fly,
Whether we seek the busy and the gay,
The mourner or the joyful, there art thou.
No distant isle, no surly swelling surge,
E'er aw'd thy progress, or controul'd thy sway,
To bless us with that comfort, *length of days*,
By all aspir'd at, but by few attain'd.
To *Fife* we steer, of all beneath the sun
The most unhallow'd 'midst the *Scotian* plains!
And here, sad emblem of deceitful times!
Hath sad Hypocrisy her standard borne.
Mirth knows no residence, but ghastly Fear
Stands trembling and appall'd at airy sights.
Once, *only once!* Reward it, O ye Pow'rs!

Did *Hospitality*, with open face,
And winning smile, cheer the deserted sight
That else had languish'd for the blest return
Of beauteous day, to dissipate the clouds
Of endless night, and superstition wild,
That constant hover o'er the dark abode.
O happy *Lothian!* Happy thrice her sons!
Who ne'er yet ventur'd from the southern shoi
To tempt Misfortune on the *Fifan* coast;
Again with thee we dwell and taste thy joys,
Where Sorrow reigns not, and where ev'ry gal
Is fraught with fullness, blest with living hop
That fears no canker from the year's decay.

TO

SIR JOHN FIELDING,

On His Attempt to Suppress The Beggar's Opera.

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
When you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, It was levell'd at me.

Gay.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.

Filch.

BENEATH what cheerful region of the sky
Shall *Wit*, shall *Humour*, and the *Muses* fly?
For *our's*, a cold, inhospitable clime,
Refuses quarter to the Muse and Rhime;
If on her brows an envy'd laurel springs,
They shake its foliage, crop her growing wings,
That with the *plumes* of virtue wisely soar,
And all the follies of the age explore.
But should old *Grub* her rankest venom pour,
And ev'ry virtue with a vice deflow'r,
Her verse is sacred, *Justices* agree,—
Ev'n *Justice Fielding* signs the wise decree.

Let fortune-dealers, wise predictors! tell
From what bright planet *Justice Fielding* fell
Augusta trembles at the awful name;
The darling tongue of Liberty is tame,
Basely confin'd by him in *Newgate* chains,
Nor dare exclaim how harshly *Fielding* reigns
In days when ev'ry *mercer* has his *scale*
To tell what *pieces lack*, how few *prevail!*
I wonder not the low-born menial trade
By partial *Justice* has aside been laid:
For she gives no discount for *Virtue* worn,
Her aged joints are without mercy torn.
In vain, O GAY! thy muse explor'd the way
Of Yore to banish the Italian lay,
Gave homely numbers sweet, tho' warmly strong
The *British chorus* blest the happy song:
Thy manly voice and *Albion's* then were heard
Felt by her sons, and by her sons rever'd:
Eunuchs, not *men*, now bear aloft the palm,
And o'er our senses pour lethargic balm.
The *Stage* the truest mirror is of life;
Our passions there revolve in active strife;
Each character is there display'd to view;
Each hates his own, tho' well assur'd 'tis true
No marvel then that all the world should own
In *Peachum's* treach'ry *Justice Fielding* known
Since thieves so common are, and, Justice you
Thieves to the *gallows* for reward pursue.

[ad GAY by writing rous'd the stealing trade,
ou'd been less active to suppress your bread;
or, trust me! when a *robber* loses ground,
ou lose your living with your *forty pound.*
'Twas *Woman* first that snatch'd the luring bait,
he tempter taught her to transgress and eat;
ho' wrong the deed, her quick compunction told,
he banish'd ADAM from an age of *gold.*
When women now transgress fair Virtue's rules,
[en are their pupils, and the stews their schools;
rom simple wh—d—m greater sins began
o shoot, to bloom, to center all in man;
ootpads on *Hounslow* flourish here to-day,
he next *old Tyburn* sweeps them all away;
or woman's faults, the cause of ev'ry wrong!
[en robb'd and murder'd, thieves at *Tyburn* strung.
panting breasts to raise the fond alarm,
[ake females in the cause of Virtue warm,
AY has compar'd them to the summer flow'r,
he boast and glory of an idle hour;
hen cropt it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,
nd to oblivion dark consigns its days.

Hath this a pow'r to win the female heart
Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part;
If so the wayward virgin will restore,
And *murders, rapes,* and *plunders* be no more.
These were the lays of him who virtue knew,
Rever'd her dictates, and practis'd them too;
No idle theorist in her stainless ways,
He gave the parent Goddess all his days.
O *Queensberry!* his best and earliest friend,
All that his wit or learning could command;
Best of *patrons!* the Muse's only pride!
Still in her pageant shalt thou first preside;
No idle pomp that riches can procure,
Sprung at a start, and faded in an hour,
But pageant, lasting as the uncropt bay,
That verdant triumphs with the Muse of Gay.

TO

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:—

Food for a new Edition of his DICTIONARY.

Let WILKES and CHURCHILL rage no more;
Tho' scarce provision, learning's good;
What can these hungries next explore,
Ev'n SAMUEL JOHNSON loves our food.

GREAT *pedagogue*, whose literarian lore,
With *syllable* and *syllable* conjoin'd,
To transmutate and varify, has learn'd
The whole revolving scientific names
That in the alphabetic columns lie,
Or from the knowledge of mortal shapes;
Me, who never can peroculate
The miracles by thee miraculiz'd,
The Muse silential long, with mouth apert,
Could give vibration to stagnatic tongue,
And loud encomiate thy puissant name,
Emigrated from the green decline
Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,
Where *Loch-lomondian* liquids undulize.

To meminate thy name in after times,
The mighty Mayor of each regalian town
Shall consignate thy work to parchment fair
In roll burgharian, and their tables all
Shall fumigate with fumigation strong:
Scotland, from perpendicularian hills,
Shall emigrate her fair *muttonian* store,
Which late had there in pedestration walk'd,
And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.
Oh, blackest execrations on thy head,
Edina shameless! tho' he came within
The bounds of your *Notation;* tho' you knew
His *honorific* name, you noted not,
But basely suffer'd him to chariotize
Far from your tow'rs, with smoke that nubilate,
Nor drank one amicitial swelling cup
To welcome him convivial. *Bailies* all!
With rage inflated, catenations* tear,
Nor ever after you be vinculiz'd,
Since you that sociability denied
To him whose potent Lexiphanian stile
Words can *prolongate*, and inswell his page
With what in others to a line's confin'd.
Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince!
To hills and vallies, where emerging oats
From earth assuage our pauperty to bay,
And bless thy name, thy dictionarian skill,

* Catenations, *vide* Chains. JOHNSON.

there definitive will still remain,
t be speculiz'd by taper blue,
youth *studentious* turn thy folio page.
e you as yet, in per'patetic mood,
led with the texture of the eye
ve cavernick, where fraternal bard,
ill, depicted pauperated swains,
hraldom and bleak want reducted sore;
nature coloriz'd, so coarsely fades,
its her russet par'phernalia on?
'ou as yet the way explorified
lignarian chalice, swell'd with oats,
'ifice approach? Have you as yet,
kin fresh rubified by scarlet spheres,
d *brimstonic unction* to your hide,
:ify the *salamandrian* fire
rom involuntary digits asks
rong allaceration?—Or can you swill
quebalian flames of *whisky* blue
ientation strong? Have you applied
elt aerian to your Anglian thighs,
ith renunciation assigniz'd
reeches in *Londona* to be worn?
ou, in frigor of Highlandian sky,
ithy summits take nocturnal rest?
iot be—You may as well desire
lerman leave *plumb-puddenian* store,
:ratch the tegument from pottage dish,

As bid thy countrymen, and thee conjoin'd,
Forsake stomachic joys. Then hie you home
And be a malcontent, that naked hinds,
On lentiles fed, can make your kingdom quake,
And tremulate old England libertiz'd.

CHARACTER OF A FRIEND,

In an EPITAPH which he desired the Author to write.

UNDER this turf, to mould'ring earth consign'd,
Lies he, who once was fickle as the wind.
Alike the scenes of good and ill he knew,
From the chaste temple to the lewdest stew.
Virtue and vice in him alternate reign'd;
That fill'd his mind, and this his pocket drain'd.
Till in the contest they so stubborn grew,
Death gave the parting blow, and both withdrew.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Wilson, at the Theatre-Royal, in the Character of an Edinburgh Buck.

YE who oft finish care in Lethe's cup,
Who love to swear, and roar and *keep it up*,
List to a brother's voice, whose sole delight
Is *sleep* all day, and *riot* all the night.
Last night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
Did sober reason into wit refine;
When lusty *Bacchus* had contriv'd to drain
The sullen vapours from our shallow brain,
We sallied forth (for Valour's dazzling sun
Up to his bright meridian had run);
And like renowned Quixotte and his squire,
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.
First we approach'd a seeming sober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,
Borne by a livry'd puppy's servile hand,
The slave obsequious of her stern command.
Curse on those cits, said I, who dare disgrace
Our streets at midnight with a sober face;

Let never tallow chandler give them light,
To guide them thro' the dangers of the night.
The valet's cane we snatch'd, and, damme! I
Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.
The guard, still watchful of the lieges' harm,
With slow pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.
Guard, seize the rogues! the angry madam cry'd,
And all the guard with *seize ta rogue* reply'd.
As in a war, there's nothing judg'd so right
As a concerted and prudential flight;
So we, from guard and scandal to be freed,
Left them the field, and burial of the dead.
Next we approach'd the bounds of *George's square*,
Blest place! No watch, no constable, comes there.
Now had they borrow'd *Argus'* eyes who saw us,
All was made dark and desolate as chaos:
Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and lost their lustres,
Like doomsday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.
Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
From chrystal gems, when Phœbus came in view;

III.

"Else haunted by the fiend Despair,
"He'll court some solitary grove,
"Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
"But swains oppress'd by hapless love.
"From the once pleasing rural throng
"Remov'd, he'll thro' the desart stray,
"Where Philomela's mournful song
"Shall join his melancholy lay."

SONG.

MIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
n sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

ay joy no more shall cheer his mind,
No wanton sports can soothe his care,
ince sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

is looks that were as fresh as morn
Can now no longer smiles impart;
pensive soul, on sadness born,
s rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,
shroud him from his veil of woe;
e every charm to ease the pain
at in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL WOLFE.

IN worth exceeding, and in virtue great,
Words would want force his actions to relate.
Silence, ye bards! eulogiums vain forbear,
It is enough to say that WOLFE *lies here.*

EPIGRAM

On the numerous EPITAPHS for General WOLFE; for the best of which a Premium of One Hundred Pounds was promised.

THE Muse, a shameless mercenary jade!
Has now assum'd the arch-tongu'd lawyer's trade:
In WOLFE's deserving praises silent she,
Till flatter'd with the prospect of a fee.

EXTEMPORE,

ng STANZAS addressed to Mrs. HARTLEY, Comedian,
in she is described as resembling MARY, Queen of

TLEY resembles Scotland's Queen,
ne bard enraptur'd cries;
tering bard he is, I ween,
else the PAINTER LIES.

SEEING A LADY PAINT HERSELF.

EN, by some misadventure cross'd,
banker hath his fortune lost,
t his instant need supplies,
or a moment blinds our eyes:
elia, when her beauty's flown,
es on a bottom not her own,
labours to escape detection,
utting on a false complexion.

ON BEING ASKED WHICH OF THREE SISTERS WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

WHEN *Paris* gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, queen of love,
'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
Where she alone was exquisitely fair;
But here what could his ablest judgment teach,
When wisdom, power, and beauty reign in each;
The youth, nonplus'd, behov'd to join with me,
And wish the apple had been cut in three.

ON THE DEATH

OF MR. THOS. LANCASHIRE, *Comedian.*

ALAS, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part!
Each comic heart must now be griev'd to see
The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing Scales used in a MASON LODGE.

WHY should the brethren met in Lodge
  Adopt such aukward measures,
To set their scales and weights to judge
  The value of their treasures?

The law laid down from age to age,
  How can they well o'ercome it?
For it forbids them to engage
  With aught but Line and Plummet.

MY LAST WILL.

WHILE sober folks, in humble *prose*,
Estate, and goods, and gear dispose,
A poet surely may disperse
His *moveables* in *doggrel verse*;
And fearing death my blood will fast chill,
I hereby constitute my last *will*.
Then *wit ye me* to have made o'er
To *Nature* my *poetic* lore;
To her I give and grant the freedom
Of paying to the bards who need 'em
As many talents as she gave,
When I became the Muse's slave.
Thanks to the god, who made me poor!
No *lukewarm* friends molest my door,
Who always shew a busy care
For being legatee or heir:
Of this stamp none will ever follow
The youth that's favour'd by Apollo.
But to those few who know my case,
Nor thought a *poet's friend disgrace*,
The following trifles I bequeathe,
And leave them with my kindest breath;

Nor will I burden them with payment
Of debts incurr'd, or coffin raiment,
As yet 'twas never my intent
To pass an Irish compliment.
  To JAMIE RAE,* who oft *jocosus*
With me partook of cheering doses,
I leave my SNUFF-BOX to regale
His senses after drowsy meal,
And wake remembrance of a friend
Who lov'd him to his latter end:
But if this pledge should make him sorry,
And argue like *memento mori*,
He may beqeath't 'mong stubborn fellows,
To all the finer feelings callous,
Who thinks that parting breath's a sneeze
To set sensations all at ease.
  To OLIPHANT,† my friend, I legate
Those scrolls poetic which he may get,
With ample freedom to correct
Those writs I ne'er could retrospect,
With power to him and his succession
To print and sell a new impression:
And here I fix on *Ossian's head*
A domicile for Doric reed,
With as much power *ad Musæ bona*
As I *in propria persona*.

* Solicitor at Law, and the Poet's intimate friend.
† Late Bookseller in Edinburgh.

To HAMILTON* I give the task
Outstanding debts to crave and ask;
And that my Muse he may not dub ill,
For loading him with so much trouble,
My debts I leave him *singulatim*,
As they are mostly *desperatim*.

To WOODS, whose genius can provoke
His passions to the bowl or sock,
For love to thee, and to the nine,
Be my immortal Shakespeare thine:
Here may you thro' the alleys turn,
Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn
And boldly catch the glowing fire
That dwells in raptures on his lyre.

Now at my dirge (if dirge there be!)
Due to the Muse and poetry
Let HUTCHISON† attend, for none is
More fit to guide the ceremonies;
As I in health with him would often
This clay-built mansion wash and soften,
So let my friends with him partake
The gen'rous wine at dirge or wake.—

And I consent to registration
Of this my will for preservation,
That patent it may be, and seen
In WALTER's Weekly Magazine.

* Solicitor at law, and another of the Poet's friends.

† A Tavern keeper.

ness whereof, these presents wrote are
William Blair, the public notar,
for the tremor of my hand,
sign'd by him at my command.

R. F. × *his Mark.*

CODICILE

TO ROB. FERGUSSON'S LAST WILL.

WHEREAS, by test'ment, dated *blank*,
Inroll'd in the poetic rank,
'Midst brighter themes that weekly come
To make parade at * *Walter's* DRUM,
I there, for certain weighty causes,
Produc'd some kind bequeathing clauses,
And left to friends (as 'tis the custom
With nothing till our death to trust em)
Some tokens of a pure regard
From one who liv'd and died a Bard.
If *poverty* has any crime in
Teaching mankind the art of rhiming,
Then, by these presents, know all mortals
Who come within the Muse's *portals*,
That I approve my will aforesaid,
But think that something might be more said,
And only now would humbly seek
The liberty to add and eik
To test'ment which already made is,
And duly register'd, as said is.

* The Publisher of the Weekly Magazine.

To TULLOCH,* who, in kind compassion,
Departed from the common fashion,
And gave to me, who never paid it,
Two flasks of port upon my credit;
I leave the FLASKS as full of air
As his of ruddy moisture were;
Nor let him to complain begin,
He'll get no more of cat than skin.
To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whose pen
Still screen'd me from the *Dunce's Den*,
I leave of phiz a picture, saving
To him the freedom of engraving
There from a copy to embellish,
And give his work a smarter relish;
For prints and frontispieces *bind do*
Our eyes to stationary window,
As superfluities in cloaths
Set off and signalize the beaux;
Not that I think in readers' eyes
My visage will be deem'd a prize;
But works that others would out-rival,
At glaring copperplates connive all;
And prints do well with him that led is
To shun the substance, hunt the shadows;
For if a picture, 'tis enough,
A NEWTON or a *Jamie Duff*.†

* A wine merchant.

† A Fool who attends to Funerals.

Nor would I recommend to WALTER,
This scheme of copperplates to alter,
Since others at the samen prices
Propose to give a dish that nice is,
Folks will desert his ordinary,
Unless, like theirs, his dishes vary.
To WILLIAMSON,* and his resetters,
Dispersing of the burial letters,
That they may pass with little cost
Fleet on the wings of Penny-Post;
Always providing and declaring,
That PETER shall be ever sparing
To make, *as use is*, the demand
For letters that may come to hand,
To me address'd, while *locum tenens*
Of *earth* and of *corporeal penance;*
Where, if he fail, it is my will,
His legacy is *void* and *null.*
Let honest GREENLAW† be the staff
On which I lean for *Epitaph.*
And that the Muses at my end
May know I had a learned friend,
Whate'er of character he's seen
In me thro' humour or chagrin,
I crave his genius may narrate in
The strength of *Ciceronian Latin.*

* The Penny-Post Master.

† An excellent Classical Scholar.

RESERVING to myself the pow'r
To alter this at latest hour,
Cum privilegio revocare
Without assigning *ratio quare:*
And I (as in the will before did)
Consent this deed shall be recorded:
In testimonium cujus rei,
These presents are deliver'd by

R. FERGUSSON.

END OF PART FIRST.

POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PART II.

AN ECLOGUE.

'TWAS e'ening whan the spreckled gowd-
spink sang,
Whan new-fa'en dew in blobs o' chrystal hang;
Whan *Will* and *Sandie* thought they'd wrought
eneugh,
And loos'd their sair toil'd owsen frae the
pleugh:
Before they ca'd their beasts unto the town,
The lads to draw their breath e'en sat them
down:
To the stiff sturdy aik they lean their backs,
While honest Sandy thus begins the cracks.
San. Aince I could hear the laverocks shrill-
tun'd throat,
And listen to the clattering gowdspink's note;

Ainee I could whistle cantily as they,
To owsen, as they till'd my ruggit clay;
But now I wou'd as leive maist lend my lugs
To tuneless puddocks croaking i' the bogs;
I sigh at hame, a-field am dowie too,
To sowf a tune I'll never crook my mou.

Wil. Foul fa me gif your bridal had na been
Nae langer bygane than sin' Hallow-e'en,
I cou'd hae tell'd you but a warlock's art,
That some daft lyghtlyin quean had stow'n your heart;
Our beisties here will tak their e'ening pluck,
An' now sin' Jock's gane hame the byres to muck,
Fain would I houp my friend will be inclin'd
To gie me a' the secrets o' his mind:
Heh! Sandie, lad, what dool's come owr ye now,
That you to whistle ne'er will crook your mou.

San. Ah! Willie, Willie, I may date my wae
Frae what beted me on my bridal day;
Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands
Were knit thegither in the haly bands;
Sin' that I thrave sae ill, in troth I fancy,
Some fiend or fairy, nae sae very chancy,
Has driven me, by pauky wiles uncommon,
To wed this fliting fury of a woman.

Wil. Ah! Sandie, aften hae I heard you tell,
Amang the lasses a' she bure the bell;
And say, the modest glances o' her ein
Far dang the brightest beauties o' the green;
You ca'd her ay sae innocent, sae young,
I thought she kent na how to use her tongue.

San. Before I married her, I'll tak my aith,
Her tongue was never louder than her breath;
But now its turn'd sae souple and sae bauld,
Tha Job himsell could scarcely thole the scauld.

Wil. Lat her yelp on, be you as calm's a mouse,
Nor let your whisht be heard into the house;
Do what she can, or be as loud's she please,
Ne'er mynd her flytes, but set your heart at ease.
Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor faush your thumb,
An' there's my hand she'll tire, and soon sing dumb;
Sooner shou'd Winter's cold confine the sea,
An' lat the sma'est o' our burns rin free:
Sooner at Yule-day shall the birk be drest,
Or birds in sapless busses big their nest,
Before a tonguey woman's noisy plea
Shou'd ever be a cause to danton me.

San. Weel cou'd I this abide, but oh! I fear
I'll soon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear;

My kirnstaff now stands gizzen'd at the door,
My cheese-rack toom that ne'er was toom before;
My ky may now rin rowtin' to the hill,
And on the naked yird their milkness spill;
She seenil lays her hand upon a turn,
Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn;
I vow my hair-mould milk would poison dogs,
As it stands lapper'd in the dirty cogs.
Before the seed I sell'd my ferra cow,
An' wi' the profit coft a stane o' woo':
I thought, by priggin', that she might hae spun
A plaidie, light, to screen me frae the sun;
But tho' the siller's scant, the cleedin' dear,
She has na ca'd about a wheel the year.
Last ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
Buying a thrieve or twa o' bedding strae:
O' ilka thing the woman had her will,
Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill:
But hyn awa' to Edinbrough scour'd she
To get a making o' her fav'rite tea;
And 'cause I left her nae the weary *clink*,
She pawn'd the very trunchers frae my hink.
Wil. Her tea! ah! wae betide sic costly gear,
Or them that ever wad the price o't spear.
Sin' my auld gutcher first the warld knew,
Fouk had na found the Indies whare it grew.

I mind mysell, it's nae sae lang sin' syne,
Whan Antie Marion did her stamack tyne,
That *Davs* our gard'ner came frae *Apple-bog*,
An' ga'e her tea to tack by way o' drog.
San. Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubs,
An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' the dubs;
At morning, whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,
I'll see a bra' reek rising frae my lum,
An' ablins think to get a rantin blaze,
To fley the frost awa', and tost my taes;
But whan I shoot my nose in, ten to ane
If I weelfardly see my ane hearthstane;
She round the ingle wi' her gimmers sits,
Crammin' their gabbies wi' her nicest bits,
While the gudeman out-by maun fill his crap
Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.
Wil. Sandy, gif this were ony common plea,
I shou'd the lealest o' my counsel gie;
But mak or middle betwixt man an' wife,
Is what I never did in a' my life.
It's wearin' on now to the tail o' May,
An' just between the beer-seed and the hay;
As lang's an orrow morning may be spar'd,
Stap your wa's east the haugh, an' tell the laird;
For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws,
Kens baith their outs an' ins, their cracks an' flaws,

An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint
At sattlin o' a nice or kittle point.
But yonder's Jock, he'll ca' your owsen hame
And tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
That ye're awa' ae peacefu' meal to prie,
An' tak your supper kail or sow'ns wi' me.

AN ECLOGUE.

'o the Memory of Dr. WILLIAM WILKIE, late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's.

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

BLAW saft, my reed, and kindly to my maen,
Weel may ye thole a saft an' dowie strain;
Nae mair to you shall shepherds in a ring,
Wi' blythness skip, or lasses lilt an' sing;
Sic sorrow now maun sadden ilka eie,
An' ilka waefu' shepherd grieve wi' me.

Dav. Wharefor begin a sad an' dowie strain,
Or banish lilting frae the Fifan plain?
Tho' simmer's gane an' we nae langer view
The blades o' claver wat wi' pearls o' dew.
Cauld Winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cowr,
Our eldin's driven, an' our har'st is owr;
Our *rucks* fu' thick are stackit i' the yard,
For the *Yule-feast* a sautit mart's prepar'd;
The ingle-nook supplies the simmer fields,
An' aft as mony gleefu' maments yields.

Swyth man! fling a' your sleepy springs awa',
An' on your canty whistle gies a blaw:
Blythness, I trow, maun lighten ilka eie,
An' ilka canty callant sing like me.
Geo. Na, na! a canty spring wad now impart
Just threefald sorrow to my heavy heart.
Thof to the *weet* my ripen'd aits had fawn,
Or shake-winds owr my rigs wi' pith had blawn,
To this I cou'd hae said, "I carena by,"
Nor fund occasion now my cheeks to dry.
Crosses like thae, or lake o' warld's gear,
Are nathing whan we tyne a friend that's dear.
Ah! waes me for you, *Willie!* mony a day
Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae
Hound aff my sheep, an' lat them careless gang
To harken to your cheary tale or sang;
Sangs that for ay, on Caledonia strand,
Shall sit the foremost 'mang her tunefu' band.
I dreamt yestreen his deadly *wraith* I saw
Gang by my ein as white's the driven snaw;
My *colley*, Ringie, youf'd an' yowl'd a night,
Cour'd an' crap near me in an unco fright,
I waken'd fley'd, an' shook baith lith and limb;
A cauldness took me, an' my sight grew dim:
I kent that it forspack approachin' wae
When my poor doggie was disturbit sae.

Nae sooner did the day begin to dawn,
Than I beyont the know fu' speedy ran,
Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
That sets ilk dowie sangster to bewail.
Dav. An' wha on Fifan bents can weel refuse
To gie the tear o' tribute to his Muse?—
Fareweel ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note,
Be daffin an' ilk idle play forgot;
Bring, ilka herd, the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
Rosemary sad, and ever dreary yews;
Thae let be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,
To weet wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,
Whase sangs will ay in Scotland be rever'd,
While *slow-gawn owsen* turn the flow'ry swaird;
While bonny *lambies* lick the dews of spring,
While *gaudsmen* whistle, or while *birdies* sing.
Geo. 'Twas na for weel tim'd verse or sangs alane
He bore the bell frae ilka shepherd swain.
Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,
Deep a' her mystic *ferlies* to explore:
For a' her secret workings he could gie
Reasons that wi' her principles agree.
Ye saw yoursel how weel his *mailin'* thrave,
Ay better faugh'd an' snodit than the lave;

Lang had the *thristles* an' the *dockans* been
In use to wag their taps upo' the green,
Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,
An' thriving hedges drink the caller dew.*
Dav. They tell me, Geordie, he had sic a gift,
That scarce a starnie blinkit frae the lift,
But he wou'd some auld warld name for't find,
As gart him keep it freshly in his mind:
For this some ca'd him an uncanny wight;
The clash gaed round, "he had the second sight;"
A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
O' grannies spinnin' at the ingle-side.
Geo. But now he's gane, an' Fame, that whan alive,
Seenil lats ony o' her vot'ries thrive,
Will frae his shinin' name a' motes withdraw,
And on her loudest trump his praises blaw.
Lang may his sacred banes untroubled rest!
Lang may his truff in gowans gay be drest!
Scholars and bards *unheard of yet* shall come,
And stamp memorials on his grassy tomb,
Which in yon ancient kirk-yard shall remain,
Fam'd as the urn that hads the MANTUAN *swain*.

* Dr. Wilkie had a farm near St. Andrew's, on which he made improvements.

ELEGY,

On the Death of Mr. David Gregory, late Professor of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrew's.

NOW mourn, ye college masters a'!
An' frae your ein a tear let fa',
Fam'd Gregory death has ta'en awa'
Without remeid;
The skaith ye've met wi's nae that sma',
Sin' Gregory's dead.

The students too will miss him sair,
To school them weel his eident care.
Now they may mourn for ever mair,
They hae great need;
They'll hip the maist fek o' their lear.
Sin' Gregory's dead.

He could, by *Euclid*, prove lang sine
A ganging *point* compos'd a line;
By numbers too he could divine,
Whan he did read,
That *three* times *three* just made up nine;
But now he's dead.

In *Algebra* weel skill'd he was,
An' kent fu' weel *proportion's* laws;
He cou'd mak clear baith B's and A's
Wi' his lang head;
Rin owr surd roots but cracks or flaws;
But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,
An' kent the nature of the *sector*,
Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
An' gar's tak heed;
O' geometry he was the *Hector;*
But now he's dead.

Sae weel's he'd fley the students a',
Whan they were skelpin' at the ba',
They took leg-bail, and ran awa'
Wi' pith an' speed;
We winna get a sport sae bra',
Sin' Gregory's dead.

Great 'casion hae we a' to weep,
An' cleed our skins in mournin' deep
For Gregory *death* will fairly keep
To tak his nap;
He'll till the resurrection sleep
As sound's a tap.

THE DAFT DAYS.

'N mirk December's dowie face,
rrs owr the rigs wi' sour grimace,
le, thro' his *minimum* o' space,
The bleer-ey'd sun,
blinkin light and stealing pace,
His race doth run.

naked groves nae birdie sings,
hepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
Frae *Borean* cave,
dwynin Nature droops her wings,
Wi' visage grave.

kind but scanty pleasure glean
snawy hill or barren plain,
in Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
Wi' frozen spear,
ls drift owr a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony a cauldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth;
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

Whan merry *Yule-day* comes, I trow,
You'll scantlins fin' a hungry mou;
Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fou
O' gusty gear,
An' kickshaws, strangers to our view
Sin' Fairn-year.

Ye browster wives, now busk ye bra',
An' fling your sorrows far awa';
Then come an' gie's the tither blaw
O' reaming ale,
Mair precious than the well o' *Spa*,
Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang oursels we'll never quarrel;
Tho' Discord gie a canker'd snarl
To spoil our glee,
As lang's there pith into the barrel
We'll drink an' 'gree.

ers, your pins in temper fix,
roset weel your fiddle-sticks,
banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
fortes wi' *pianos* mix,
Gie's *Tulloch-Gorum*.

nought can cheer the heart sae well
an a canty Highland reel,
en vivifies the heel
To skip and dance:
less is he wha canna feel
Its influence.

mirth abound, let social cheer
st the dawning of the year;
blithesome innocence appear
To crown our joy,
envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
Our bliss destroy.

thou, great god of *Aqua Vitæ!*
sways the empire o' this city,
n fou we're sometimes capernoity,
Be thou prepar'd
edge us frae that black blanditti,
The City-Guard.

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY,

IN EDINBURGH.

Oh! qualis hurly-burly fuit, si forte vidisses.
POLEMO-MIDDINIA.

I SING the day sae aften sung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
In whase loud praise the Muse has dung
A' kind o' print;
But wow! the limmer's fairly flung;
There's nathing in't.

I'm fain to think the joy's the same
In London town as here at hame,
Whare fouk o' ilka age and name,
Baith blind an' cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for shame!
To drink an' tipple.

O *Muse*, be kind, an' dinna fash us
To flee awa' beyont Parnassus,
Nor seek for *Helicon* to wash us,
That heath'nish spring;
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,
An' gar us sing.

in then, dame, ye've drunk your fill,
woudna hae the tither gill?
'll trust me, mair would do you ill,
An' ding you doitet:
th 'twould be sair against my will
To hae the wyte o't.

; then, how, on the *fourth* of June,
bells screed aff a loyal tune,
ancient castle shoots at noon,
Wi' flag-staff buskit,
e which the soger blades come down
To cock their musket.

willawins! Mons Meg, for you,
as firing crack't thy muckle mou;
at black mishanter gart ye spew
Baith gut and ga'!
ar they bang'd thy belly fu'
Against the law.

ht seenil am I gi'en to bannin,
, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
'd hit a man had he been stannin
In shire o' Fife,
. lang Scots miles ayont *Clackmannan*,
An' tack his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
An' echo to thy dinsome rout;
The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
That glowr'd wi' wonder,
Haflins afley'd to bide thereout
To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewise, Muse, how *blue-gown* bodies,
Like scar-scraws new ta'en down frae woodies,
Come here to cast their clouted duddies,
An' get their pay:
Than them what magistrates mair proud is
On king's birth-day?

On this great day the city-guard,
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow and shaven beard,
Gang thro' their functions,
By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
O' clarty unctions.

O *soldiers!* for your ain dear sakes,
For Scotland's, alias *Land of Cakes*,
Gie not her *bairns* sic deadly pakes,
Nor be sae rude,
Wi' firelock or Lochaber aix,
As spill their blude.

round an' round the *serpents* whiz,
hissing wrath and angry phiz;
ɜtimes they catch a gentle *gizz*,
Alack-a-day!
ɜinge wi' *hair-devouring bizz*,
Its curls away.

ɪ'd th' owner patiently keek round,
iew the nature o' his wound,
pussie, draggled thro' the pond,
Taks him a lounder,
lk lays his *honour* on the ground
As flat's a *flounder*.

Muse maun also now implore
wives to steek ilk hole an' bore!
drains slip but to the door.
I fear, I fear,
ll nae lang shank upo' all four
This time o' year.

t day ilk hero tells his news,
ackit crowns and broken brows,
deeds that here forbid the Muse
Her theme to swell,
me mair precious abuse
Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,
Whare music gars the day seem short,
Whare doggies play, and lambies sport,
On gowany braes,
Whare peerless Fancy hads her court,
And tunes her lays.

CALLER OYSTERS.

Happy the man who, free from care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale.

PHILLIPS.

A' the waters that can hobble
fishing yole or sa'mon coble.
n' can reward the fisher's trouble,
Or south or north,
here's nane sae spacious an' sae noble
As Frith o' *Forth*.

her the skate an' codlin sail,
he eel fu' souple wags her tail,
i' herrin, fleuk, and mackarel,
An' whitens dainty:
heir spindle-shanks the labsters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

ULD REIKIE'S sons blithe faces wear;
eptember's merry month is near,
hat brings in Neptune's caller cheer,
New oysters fresh:

The halesomest and nicest gear
O' fish or flesh.

O! then we needna gie a plack
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,
Wha' o' their drogs sae baldly crack,
An' spred sic notions,
As gar their feckless patients tak
Their stinkin potions.

Come prie, frail man! for gin thou *art sick*
The oyster is a rare cathartic,
As ever doctor patient gart lick
To cure his ails;
Whether you hae the head or heart ake,
It ay prevails.

Ye tiplers, open a' your poses,
Ye wha are fash'd wi' plucky noses,
Fling owr your craig sufficient doses,
You'll thole a hunder,
To fleg awa' your simmer roses,
An' naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin,
To *Lucky Middlemist's* loup in,
An' sit fu' snug

)ysters an' a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

ı auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,
merchant lowns their shopies lock,
ɜ we adjourn wi' hearty fock
To birle our bodles,
;et wharewi' to crack our joke,
An' clear our noddles.

n Phœbus did his windocks steek,
aften at that *ingle* cheek
: my frosty fingers beek,
An' prie gude fare!
v there was na hame to seek
Whan steghin there.

e glakit fools, owr rife o' cash,
)er their weyms wi' fousom trash,
ık a chiel may gayly pass;
He's nae ill boden
gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce,
An' *hen* weel foden.

Musselbrough, an' eke *Newhaven*,
fisher-wives will get *top livin*,
n *lads* gang out on Sundays' even
To treat their *joes*,

An' tak o' fat pandores a prieven,
Or *mussel brose.*

Than sometimes, 'ere they flit their *doup,*
They'll ablins a' their *siller* coup
For liquor clear frae cutty stoup,
To weet their wizzen,
An' swallow owr a dainty soup,
For fear they gizzen.

A' ye wha canna staun sae sicker,
Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd bick
Mix *caller oysters* wi' your liquor,
An' I'm your debtor,
If greedy *priest* or drowthy *vicar*
Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

'E wha are fain to hae your name
Vrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,
,et Merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath,
lut hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

Ie that some ells o' this may fa',
ın' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
lids bauld to bear the 'gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
Vhan bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Vhasuck for him wha has nae feck o't!
'or he's a gowk they're sure to geek at,
. chiel that ne'er will be respekit,
While he draws breath,
'ill his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

)n Sabbath-days the barber spark,
Vhan he has done wi' scrapin wark,

Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettl'd stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat-thread bare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou' fou' sair,
And scald him baith:
Wooers shou'd ay their traval spare
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fock an unco heese,
Makes mony kail-worms butterflies,

mony a doctor his degrees
For little skaith:
hort, you may be what you please
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

thof ye had as wise a sneut on
Shakespeare or Sir *Isaac Newton*,
r judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tack my aith,
they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude Braith Claith.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

Mark it, Cæsario; it is old and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it.

SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When lads and lasses *tartan* wore,
Saft Music rang on ilka shore,
In hamely weid;
But Harmony is now no more,
And *Music* dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,
Sae bonnily she wont to sing,
And sleely wake the sleeping string,
Their sang to lead,
Sweet as the zephyrs o' the spring;
But now she's dead.

:n ilka nymph and ilka swain,
unny hill and dowie glen;
veeping streams and *Naiads* drain
Their fountain head;
Echo swell the dolefu' strain
Sin' Music's dead.

ın the saft vernal breezes ca'
grey-hair'd Winter's fogs awa',
ɔody than is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
haunter or on aiten straw,
Sin' music's dead.

lasses now, on simmer days,
lilt at bleaching o' their claes;
herds on *Yarrow's* bonny braes,
Or banks o' *Tweed,*
ght to chaunt their hameil lays,
Sin' music's dead.

lomin now the bagpipe's dumb,
ın weary owsen hameward come;
sweetly as it wont to bum,
And *Pibrachs* skreed;
never hear its weirlike hum,
For music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane: Ah! waes my heart!
The man in music maist expert,
Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
And tune the reed,
Wi' sic a slee and pawky art;
But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,
Ilk bonny lassie make great mane,
Sin' he's awa, I trow there's nane
Can fill his stead;
The blythest sangster on the plain,
Alack, is dead!

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,
And crabbit queer variety
O' sounds fresh sprung frae *Italy*,
A bastard breed!
Unlike that saft-tongu'd melody
Whilk now lies dead.

Cou'd *lav'rocks* at the dawning day,
Cou'd *linties* chirming frae the spray,
Or todling *burns* that smoothly play
O'er gowden bed,
Compare wi' *Birks of Indermay?*
But now they're dead.

O SCOTLAND! that cou'd yence afford
To bang the pith o' Roman sword,
Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
To battle speed,
And fight till MUSIC be restor'd,
Whilk now lies dead.

HALLOW-FAIR.

AT *Hallowmas*, whan nights grow lang,
And *starnies* shine fu' clear,
Whan fock, the nippin cauld to bang,
Their winter *hapwarms* wear;
Near Edinburgh a fair there hads,
I wat there's nane whase name is,
For strappin dames and sturdy lads,
And cap and stoup, mair famous
Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
The sun began to keek,
And bad the trig-made maidens come
A sightly joe to seek
At *Hallow-fair*, whare browsters rare
Keep gude ale on the gantries,
And dinna scrimp ye o' a skair
O' kebbucks frae their pantries
Fu' saut that day.

Here country John in bannet blue,
An' eke his Sunday's claes on,
Rins after Meg wi' *rokelay* new,
An' sappy kisses lays on;

She'll tauntin say, Ye silly coof?
Be o' your gab mair sparin;
He'll tak the hint, and criesh her loof
Wi' what will buy her fairin,
To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their stand,
An' shaw their *bonny wallies;*
Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
To trick the silly fallows:
Heh, Sirs! what cairds and tinklers come,
An' *ne'er-do-weel* horse-coupers,
An' spae-wives fenzying to be dumb,
Wi' a' siclike landloupers,
To thrive that day.

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,
"Come ye to me fa need:
"The brawest *shanks* that e'er were seen
"I'll sell ye cheap an' guid.
"I wyt they are as protty hose
"As come frae *weyer* or *leem*:
"Here tak a rug, an' shaw's your pose;
"Forseeth my ain's but teem
"An' light the day."

Ye wives, as ye gang thro' the fair,
O mak your bargains hooly!

O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,
Or fegs they will ye spulzie.
For fairn-year *Meg Thamson* got,
Frae thir mischievous villains,
A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,
That lost a score o' shillins
To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,
The serjeant screech fu' loud,
"A' gentlemen and volunteers
"That wish your country gude,
"Come here to me, and I sall gie
"Twa guineas an' a crown,
"A bowl o' *punch* that like the sea
"Will soum a lang dragoon
"Wi' ease this day."

Without the cuissers prance and nicker,
An' o'er the ley-rig scud;
In tents the carles bend the bicker,
An' rant an' roar like wud.
Than there's sic yellowchin and din,
Wi' wives and wee-anes gablin,
That ane might trow they were a-kin
To a' the tongues at Babylon,
Confus'd that day.

Vhan *Phœbus* ligs in *Thetis'* lap,
Auld Reikie gies them shelter,
Vhare cadgily they kiss the cap,
An' ca't round helter-skelter.
ock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks;
Great cause he had to rue it,
'or frae a stark Lochaber aix
He gat a *clamehewit*,
Fu' sair that night.

'Ohon!" quo' he, "I'd rather be
"By *sword* or *bagnet* stickit,
'Than hae my crown or body wi'
"Sic deadly weapons nickit."
Vi' that he gat anither straik
·Mair weighty than before,
'hat gar'd his feckless body aik,
An' spew the reikin gore,
Fu' red that night.

[e peching on the cawsey lay,
O' kicks and cuffs weel sair'd;
Highland aith the serjeant gae,
"She maun pe see our guard."
)ut spak the weirlike corporal,
"Pring in ta drucken sot."
'hey trail'd him ben, an' by my saul,
He paid his drucken groat
For that neist day.

Gude fock, as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black squad;
There's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockade.
Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
Or tusk o' Russian bear,
Frae their wanruly fellin paw
Mair cause ye hae to fear
Your death that day.

A wee soup drink dis unco weel
To had the heart aboon;
It's gude as lang's a canny chiel
Can stand steeve in his shoon.
But gin a birkie's owr weel saird,
It gars him aften stammer
To *pleys* that bring him to the guard,
An' eke the *Council-chaumir*,
Wi' shame that day.

ODE TO THE BEE.

HERDS, blythesome tune your canty reeds,
An' welcome to the gowany meads
The pride o' a' the insect thrang,
A stranger to the green sae lang;
Unfald ilk buss an' ilka brier,
The bounties o' the gleesome year,
To him whase voice delights the spring,
Whase soughs the fastest slumbers bring.
The trees in simmer-cleething drest,
The hillocks in their greenest vest,
The brawest flow'rs rejoic'd we see,
Disclose their sweets, and ca' on thee,
Blythely to skim on wanton wing
Thro' a' the fairy haunts o' spring.
Whan fields hae got their dewy gift,
An' dawnin breaks upo' the lift,
Then gang your wa's thro' *hight* an' *how*,
Seek caller *haugh* or sunny *know*,
Or ivy'd *craig*, or *burn-bank brae*,
Whare Industry shall bid you gae,
For hiney, or for waxen store,
To ding sad poortith frae the door.

Cou'd feckless creature, Man, be wise,
The simmer o' his life to prize,
In winter he might fend fu' bauld,
His eild unfand to nippen cauld,
Yet thir, alas! are antrin fock
That lade their scape wi' winter stock.
Auld age maist feckly glowrs right dour
Upo' the ailings o' the poor,
Wha hope for nae comforting, save
That dowie dismal house the grave.
Then feeble Man, be wise, tak tent
How Industry can fetch content:
Behad the bees whare'er they wing,
Or thro' the bonny bowers o' spring,
Whare vi'lets or whare roses blaw,
An' siller dew-draps nightly fa',
Or whan on open bent they're seen,
On *hether hill* or *thristle* green;
The hiney's still as sweet that flows
Frae thistle cauld, or kendling rose.
Frae this the human race may learn
Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
Whether they tramp life's thorny way,
Or thro' the sunny vineyard stray.
Instructive bee! attend me still,
Owr a' my labours sey your skill:
For thee shall hiney-suckles rise,
Wi' lading to your busy thighs,

An' ilka shrub surround my cell,
Whareon ye like to hum an' dwell:
My trees in bourachs owr my ground
Shall fend ye frae ilk blast o' wind:
Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,
Delve out the treasures frae your bike,
But in my fence be safe, an' free
To live, an' work, an' sing like me.

Like thee, by fancy wing'd, the Muse
Scuds ear' an' heartsome owr the dews,
Fu' vogie, an' fu' blythe to crap
The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
Twining her living garlands there,
That lyart Time can ne'er impair.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

DAFT gowk, in macaroni dress,
Are ye come here to shaw your face,
Bowden wi' pride o' simmer gloss,
To cast a dash at *Reikie's* cross;
An' glowr at mony a twa-legg'd creature,
Flees braw by art, tho' worms by nature?
Like country laird in city cleeding,
Ye're come to town to lear' good breeding;
To bring ilk darling toast an' fashion
In vogue amang the flie creation,
That they, like buskit belles an' beaus,
May crook their mu' fu' sour at those
Whase weird is still to creep, alas!
Unnotic'd 'mang the humble grass;
While ye, wi' wings new buskit trim,
Can far frae yird an' reptiles skim;
Newfangle grown wi' new got form,
You soar aboon your mither worm.
Kind Nature lent but for a day
Her wings to mak ye sprush an' gay;

In her habauliments a while
Ye may your former sell beguile,
An' ding awa' the vexing thought
O' hourly dwyning into nought,
By beenging to your foppish brither's,
Black corbies dress'd in peacocks' feathers;
Like thee they dander here an' there,
Whan simmer's blinks are warm an' fair,
An' loo to snuff the healthy balm
Whan E'ening spreads her wing sae calm;
But whan she grins an' glowrs sae dow'r
Frae Borean houff in angry show'r,
Like thee they scoug frae street or field,
An' hap them in a lyther bield;
For they were never made to dree
The adverse gloom o' Fortune's eie,
Nor ever pried life's pining woes,
Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.
Poor Butterfly! thy case I mourn,
To green kail-yard and fruits return:
How cou'd you troke the mavis' note
For "penny pies all-piping hot?"
Can lintie's music be compar'd
Wi' *gruntles* frae the City Guard?
Or can our flow'rs at ten hours bell
The gowan or the spink excell?
Now shou'd our sclates wi' hailstanes ring,
What cabbage-fauld wad screen your wing?

Say, fluttering fairy! wer't thy hap
To light beneath braw NANNY's cap,
Wad she, proud butterfly of May!
In pity lat you skaithless stay?
The furies glancin frae her ein
Wad rug your wings o' siller sheen,
That, wae for thee! far, far outvy
Her PARIS ARTIST's finest dye;
Then a' your bouny spraings wad fall,
An' you a WORM be left to crawl.
  To sic mishanter rins the laird
Wha quats his ha'-house and kail-yard,
Grows politician, scours to court,
Whare he's the laughing-stock and sport
O' MINISTERS, wha jeer an' jibe,
An' heeze his hopes wi' thought o' bribe,
Till in the end they flae him bare,
Leave him to poortith, and to care.
Their fleetchin words owr late he sees,
He trudges hame, repines, and dies.
  Sic be their fa' wha dirk thir ben
In blackest business nae their ain;
An' may they scad their lips fu' leal,
That dip their spoons in ither's kail.

ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

FRAE fields where SPRING her sweets has blawn
Wi' caller verdure owr the lawn,
The GOWDSPINK comes in new attire,
The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,
That, 'ere the sun can clear his ein,
Wi' glib notes sane the simmer's green.
Sure NATURE herried mony a tree,
For spraings and bonny spats to thee:
Nae mair the *Rainbow* can impart
Sic glowing ferlies o' her art,
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will
On thee, the sey-piece o' her skill.
Nae mair thro' *Straths* in simmer dight
We seek the ROSE to bless our sight;
Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers sprout
On yonder RUIN'S lofty snout.
Thy shining garments far outstrip
The cherries upo' HEBE'S lip,
And fool the tints that Nature chose
To busk and paint the crimson rose.

'Mang men, wa'es-heart! we aften find
The brawest drest want peace o' mind,
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.
Whan WAND wi' glewy birdlime's set,
To steal far aff your dautit mate,
Blyth wad ye change your cleething gay
In lieu of lav'rock's sober gray.
In vain thro' woods you sair may ban
The envious treachery of man,
That wi' your gowden glister ta'en,
Still hunts you on the simmer's plain,
And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's
O' winter's dreery dreepin snaws.
Now steekit frae the gowany field,
Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,
But mergh, alas! to disengage
Your bonny buik frae fettering cage,
Your free-born bosom beats in vain
For darling liberty again.
In WINDOW hung, how aft we see
Thee keek around at warblers free,
That carrol saft, and sweetly sing
Wi' a' the blytheness o' the spring?
Like TANTALUS they hing you here
To spy the glories o' the year;
And tho' you're at the *burnie's* brink,
They douna suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty! thou bonny dame,
How wildly wanton is thy stream,
Round whilk the birdies a' rojoice,
An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.
The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,
And courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer:
The MAVIS frae the new-bloom'd thorn
Begins his *lauds* at earest morn;
And herd lowns loupin o'er the grass
Needs far less fleetching till his lass,
Then paughty damsels bred at courts,
Wha thraw their mou's, and take the dorts;
But, reft of thee fient flee we care
For a' that life a hint can spare.
The *Gowdspink*, that sae lang has kend
The happy sweets (his wonted friend,)
Her sad confinement ill can brook
In some dark chaumer's dowy nook:
Tho' MARY'S hand his nebb supplies,
Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
Ev'n beauty canna cheer the heart
Frae life, frae liberty apart;
For now we tyne its wonted lay,
Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythly gay.
Thus FORTUNE aft a curse can gie,
To wyle us far frae liberty;
Then tent her syren smiles wha list,
I'll ne'er envy your GIRNEL'S *grist;*

For whan fair freedom smiles nae mair,
Care I for life? Shame fa' the hair;
A FIELD o'ergrown wi' rankest STUBBLE,
The essence o' a paltry bubble.

CALLER WATER.

WHAN father *Adie* first pat spade in
The bonny yeard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou',
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin
For being fou.

A caller burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out owr the green,
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been
To Bide right sair,
He loutit down and drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a' before the flood
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than *Noah's* line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood
Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin Bardies now-a-days
Rin *maukin*-mad in Bacchus' praise,
And limp and stoiter thro' their lays
Anacreontic,
While ilk his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will nae gae far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth the jillet ye might blame
For thinking on't,
Whan aithly she can find the theme
Of *aqua font*.

This is the name that doctors use
Their patients noddles to confuse;
Wi' *simples* clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still,
In kittle words to gar ye roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sick clitter-clatter,
And briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid *Caller Water*,
Than whilk I trow,
Few drugs in doctor shops are better
For me or you.

Tho' joints be stiff as ony *rung*,
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
Be you in *Caller Water* flung,
Out o'er the lugs,
Twill mak ye suple, swack and young,
Withouten drugs.

Tho' cholic or the heart-scad teaze us,
Or ony inward dwaam should seize us,
It masters a' sic fell diseases,
That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

Wer't na for it the bonny lasses
Wou'd glow'r nae mair in keeking glasses,
And soon tine din't o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,
To catch our ein.

The fairest than might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shooting trade,
For wha thro' clarty *masquerade*
Could then discover,
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flow'rs,
And leaves to cleed the *birken bow'rs*,
Sae beauty gets by caller show'rs,
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dow'rs,
Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reikie's dames sae fair?
It cannot be the halesome air,
But *caller burn* beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
And blink sae bonny.

On *May-day*, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round *St. Anthon's* spring,
Frae grass the caller *dew-draps* wring,
To weet their ein,
And water clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way,
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay!
Than shall their beauties glance like May,
And, like her, be
The Goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse and me.

THE

SITTING OF THE SESSION.

HOEBUS, sair cow'd wi' simmer's height,
ours near the YIRD wi' blinking light;
auld shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight
Wi' simmer's claes,
hey heeze the heart o' dowy wight
That thro' them gaes.

'eel loes me o' you, BUSINESS, now;
or ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou'
hat's lang a eisning gane for you,
Withouten fill
' dribles frae the gude *brown cow*,
Or Highland gill.

he COURT o' SESSION, weel wat I,
its ilk chield's *whittle* i' the pye,
an criesh the slaw-gaun wheels whan dry
Till Session's done,
'ho' they'll gie mony a cheap and cry
Or twalt o' June.

Ye benders a', that dwall in joot,
You'll tak your liquor clean cap out,
Synd your mouse-webs wi' reaming stout,
While ye hae cash,
And gar your cares a' tak the rout,
An' thumb ne'er fash.

Rob Gibb's grey gizz, new frizzl'd fine,
Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine;
Weel does he loe the Lawen coin
Whan dossied down,
For whisky gills or dribbs o' wine
In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers now, at outer-dore,
Tak tent as fock gang back and fore;
The fient ane there but pays his score,
Nane wins toll-free,
Tho' ye've a cause the house before,
Or agent be.

Gin ony here wi' canker knocks,
And has na lous'd his siller pocks,
Ye need na think to fletch or cox,
"Come shaw's your gear;
"Ae *scabbit yew* spills twenty flocks,
Ye's nae be here."

v at the door they'll raise a plea;
ck on, my lads!—for flyting's free;
gin you shou'd tongue-tacket be,
The mair's the pity,
an scalding but and ben we see
PENDENTE LITE.

: LAWYERS' *skelfs*, and PRINTERS' *presses*
in unco sair wi' weighty cases;
: *clark* in toil his pleasure places,
To thrive bedeen;
five-hour's bell scribes shaw their faces,
And rake their ein.

: country fock to lawyers crook
h! weels me on your bonny buik!
'he benmost part o' my kist nook
"I'll ripe for thee,
nd willing ware my hindmost rook
"For my decree."

: LAW'S a DRAW-WELL unco deep,
thouten RIM fock out to keep;
lonnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep
Fu' sleely in,
t finds the gate baith *stay* and *steep*,
'Ere out he win.

THE

RISING OF THE SESSION.

TO a' men living be it kend,
The SESSION now is at an end:
Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,
And quat the pen,
Till *Time* wi' lyart pow shall send
Blyth June again.

Tir'd o' the law and a' its phrases,
The wylie *writers*, rich as *Crœsus*,
Hurl frae the town in hackney chaises,
For country cheer:
The *powney* that in spring-time grazes,
Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,
Fareweel to din, Fareweel to fees,
The canny hours o' rest may please,
Instead o' siller:
Hain'd *multer* bads the *mill* at ease,
And finds the *miller*.

Blythe they may be wha wanton play
In *Fortune's* bonny blinken ray,
Fu' weel can they ding dool away,
Wi' comrades couthy,
And never dree a hungert day,
Or e'ening drouthy.

Ohon! the day for him that's laid
In dowie *poortith's* caldrife shade,
Ablins o'er honest for his trade,
He racks his wits,
How he may get his buik weel clad,
And fill his guts.

The farmers sons, as yap as sparrows,
Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
And whistle to the plough and harrows
At barley seed:
What writer wadna gang as far as
He cou'd for bread?

After their yokin, I wat weel
They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel;
Eith can the plough stilts gar a chiel
Be unco vogie,
Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,
And scart his *cogie*.

Now many a fellow's dung-adrift
In a' the nuik beneath the lift,
And our fore-sunnack's aff in tift
In vacance-time,
Wi' mony ane they hae the rift
O' snappit weyms.

Now gin a Muse sheu'd be wanted,
Ken'l find the gallows gayly planted;
For hiegh mang grannies are granted
Upo' a hill,
And vaigabonds mutters covenanted
For half a gill.

Now mony miks a mumping dribb
I' Hudsons gin frae *Robin Gibb*;
And ane a dram to Rob's mair sib
Than is his wife,
It maun mak ane as dear's his *Rib*
Till siller's rife.

This warld is a hearty doom
As Justice Peace's coffee-room,
For a' his china pigs are toom;
Nor do we see
In ware the sunker bickers soom
As light's a flee.

op, my Muse, nor make a mane,
lisna fend on that alane;
n fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,
While ither fock
rest themsels content wi' ane,
Nor farrer trock.

ange-house keepers never grumble,
you a while your bickers whumble,
co patientfu' and humble,
Nor mak a din,
gude *joot* binna kent to rumble
Your weym within.

ieedna grudge to draw your breath
ittle mair than half a reath,
, gin we' a' be spar'd frae death,
We'll gladly prie
i noggins o' your reaming graith
Wi' blythesome glee.

LEITH RACES.

I.

IN July month, ae bonny morn,
Whan Nature's rokely green
Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
To charm our roving een;
Glouring about I saw a quean,
The fairest 'neath the lift;
Her *een* were o' the siller sheen,
Her *skin* like snawy drift,
Sae white that day.

II.

Quod she, "I ferly unco sair,
"That ye sud musand gae,
"Ya wha hae sung o' Hallow-Fair,
"Her winter's pranks and play:
"Whan on Leith-Sands the racers rare,
"Wi' jockey louns are met,
"Their orro pennies there to ware,
"And drown themsel's in debt
"Fu' deep that day."

III.

An' wha are ye, my winsome dear,
That takes the gate sae early?
Whare do ye win, gin ane may spear,
For I right meikle ferly,
That sic braw buskit laughing lass
Thir bonny blinks shou'd gie,
An' loup like *Hebe* o'er the grass,
As wanton and as free
Frae dule this day?

IV.

"I dwall amang the caller springs
"That weet the *Land o' Cakes*,
"And aften tune my canty strings
"At *bridals* and *late-wakes*,
"They ca' me *Mirth*; I ne'er was kend
"To grumble or look sour,
"But blyth wad be a lift to lend,
"Gin ye wad sey my pow'r
"An' pith this day."

V.

A bargain be't, and, by my fegs,
Gif ye will be my mate,
Wi' you I'll screw the cherry pegs,
Ye shanna find me blate;

We'll reel an' ramble thro' the sands,
An' jeer wi' a' we meet;
Nor hip the daft an' gleesome bands
That fill Edina's street
Sae thrang this day.

VI.

'Ere servant maids had wont to rise
To seeth the breakfast kettle,
Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,
To put her on her mettle,
Wi' wiles some silly chiel to trap
(An' troth he's fain to get her,)
But she'll craw kniefly in his crap,
Whan, wow! he canna flit her
Frae hame that day.

VII.

Now mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd lown
Rise early to their wark,
Eneugh to fley a muckle town,
Wi' dinsome sqeel an' bark:
"Here is the true an' faithfu' list
"O' Noblemen an' Horses;
"Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,
That rin for *Plates* or *Purses*
"Fu' fleet this day."

VIII.

Thisky Plooks that burnt for wooks
town-guard soldiers faces,
barber bauld his whittle crooks,
scrapes them for the races:
Stumps erst used to *Filipegs*,
dight in spatterdashes,
e barkent hides scarce fend their legs
.e weet an' weary plashes
O' dirt that day.

IX.

ıe, hafe a care (the captain cries,)
n guns your bagnets thraw;
v mind your manual exercise,
.n' marsh down raw by raw."
ıs they march he'll glowr about,
ınt a' their cuts and scars:
g them fell mony a gausy snout
s gusht in birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

X.

Vanesel maun be carefu' now,
ır maun she be misleard,
axter lads hae seal'd a vow
skelp an' clout the guard;

I'm sure *Auld Reikie* kens o' nane
That wou'd be sorry at it,
Tho' they shou'd dearly pay the kane,
An' get their tails weel sautit
An' sair thir days.

XI.

The tinkler billies i' the *Bow*
Are now less eident clinking,
As lang's their pith or siller dow,
They're daffin and their drinking.
Bedown *Leith-walk* what bourochs reel
O' ilka trade and station,
That gar their wives an' childer feel
Toom weyms for their libation
O' drink thir days.

XII.

The browster wives thegither harl
A' Trash that they can fa' on;
They rake the grunds o' ilka barrel,
To profit by the lawen:
For weel wat they a skin leal het
For drinking needs nae hire;
At drumly gear they tak nae pet;
Foul *water* slockens *fire*,
And drouth thir days.

XIII.

They say ill ale has been the deid
O' mony a beirdly lown;
Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
To sweel hail bickers down;
Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,
They'll ban fu' sair the time
That e'er they toutit aff the horn,
Which wambles thro' their weym
Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beech
Their bunch o' *Findrums* cry,
An' skirl out baul' in Norland speech,
"Guid speldings, fa' will buy?"
An' by my saul, they're nae wraug gear
To gust a stirrah's mow;
Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spear
The price o' being fu'
Wi' drink that day.

XV.

Now wyly wights at *Rowly Powl*,
An' flingan' o' the *Dice*,
Here brake the banes o' mony a soul
Wi' fa's upo' the ice:

At first the gate seems fair an' straught,
Sae they had fairly till her;
But wow! in spite o' a' their maught,
They're rookit o' their siller
An' gowd that day.

XVI.

Around where'er you fling your een,
The *Haiks* like wind are scourin';
Some chaises honest folk contain,
An' some hae mony a *Whore* in;
Wi' rose and lilly, red and white,
They gie themselves sic fit airs,
Like DIAN, they will seem perfite;
But it's nae gowd that glitters
Wi' them thir days.

XVII.

The LYON here wi' open paw,
May cleek in mony hunder,
Wha geck at SCOTLAND and her law,
His wyly talons under;
For ken, tho' JAMIE's laws are auld,
(Thanks to the wise recorder!)
His Lyon yet roars loud and bauld,
To had the Whigs in order
Sae prime this day.

XVIII.

To town-guard DRUM, of clangour clear,
Baith men and steeds are raingit;
Some liveries red or yellow wear,
And some are tartan spraingit!
And now the red, the blue e'en-now,
Bids fairest for the market;
But, 'ere the sport be done, I trow,
Their skins are gayly yarkit
And peel'd thir days.

XIX.

Siclike in Pantheon debates,
Whan twa chiels hae a pingle;
E'en now some couli gets his aits,
An' dirt wi' words they mingle;
Till up loups he wi' diction fu',
There's lang and dreech contesting;
For now they're near the point in view,
Now ten miles frae the question
In hand that night.

XX.

The races o'er, they hale the dools
Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind;
Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,
The cripple lead the blind.

May ne'er the canker o' the drink
E'er mak our spirits thrawart,
'Case we git wharewitha' to wink
Wi' een as *blue's* a *blawart*
Wi' *straiks* thir days!

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo in primis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit.

VIRG. BUC.

I.

[AN glooming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
'han *Batie* ca's his owsen to the byre,
an *Thrasher John*, sair dung, his barn-dore steeks,
ad lusty lasses at the dighting tire;
it bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
id gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain;
dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,
or fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
gin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

II.

the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
i' *divets* theekit frae the weet and drift,
, *peats*, and *heath'ry trufs* the chimley fill,
id gar their thick'ning smeek salute the lift;

The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blyth to find,
Whan he out o'er the *halland* flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;
For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

III.

Weel kens the *gudewife* that the pleughs require
A heartsome *meltith*, and refreshing synd,
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *girdle* reeks:
I' the far nook the *bowie* briskly reams;
The readied *kail* stands by the chimly cheeks,
And had the riggin het wi' welcome streams;
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

IV.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;
Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
Till death slip sleely on, and gie the hindmost wound.

V.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In *brulzies* frae the dawn to set o' sun;
'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, stiff an' strang,
That bent the deidly yew in ancient days,
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,
Gar'd Scottish *thristles* bang the Roman *bays*;
For near our *crest* their heads they doughtna raise.

VI.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,
The cheering *bicker* gars them glibly gash,
O' simmer's *showery blinks* and winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst thair mailin's produce hash.
'Bout *kirk* an' *market* eke their tales gae on,
How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,
And there how *Marion*, for a bastart son,
Upo' the *cutty-stool* was forc'd to ride,
The waefu' scald o' our *Mess John* to bide.

VII.

The fient a chiep's amang the barnies now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane.
In rangels round before the ingle's low,
Frae *Gudame's* mouth auld warld tale they hear,
O' *Warlocks* louping round the *Wirrikow*,
O' gaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak wi' fear.

VIII.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill;
That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,
And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill,
O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye' in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's ay *cradled* whan the *grave* is near.

IX.

Yet *thrift*, industrious, bides her latest days,
Tho' age her sair dow'd front wi' runkles wave,
Yet frae the russet lap the *spindle* plays,
Her e'ening stent reels she as weel's the lave.
On some feast-day, the *wee-things* buskit braw
Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' caidgie that her head was up and saw
Her ain spun cleething on a darling boy
Careless tho' death shou'd mak the feast her foy.

X.

In its auld *lerroch* yet the *deas* remains,
Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease,
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
O' lab'rers doil'd upo' the wintry leas:
Round him will *badrins* and the *colly* come,
To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie;
This a' boon they crave, and a' the fee.

XI.

Frae him the *lads* their morning counsel tak,
What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till;
How big a birn maun lie on *bassie's* back,
For meal and multure to the *thirling mill.*
Neist the gudwife her hirling damsels bids
Glour thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound,
Tak tent case *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,
And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,
Whilk spills a *kebbock* nice, or yellow *pound.*

XII.

Then a' the house for sleep begins to grien,
Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their ein,
And hafflin steeks them frae their daily toil:
The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till waken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

XIII.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock and couter turn the gleyb!
And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May SCOTIA's simmers ay look gay and green,
Her yellow har'st frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bein,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed,
And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours succeed!

THE ELECTION.

Nunc est bibendum, et bendere BICKERUM magnum;
Cavete TOWN-GUARDUM, D——l G—dd—m atque C—pb——n.

I.

REJOICE, ye BURGHERS, ane an' a',
Lang look't for's come at last;
Sair war your backs held to the wa'
Wi' *poortith* an' wi' *fast:*
Now ye may clap your wings an' craw,
And gayly busk ilk' feather,
For *Deacon Cocks* hae pass'd a law
To rax an' weet your leather
Wi' drink thir days.

II.

Haste *Epps,* quo' John, an' bring my gizz!
Tak tent ye dinna't spulzie;
Last night the barber gae't a frizz,
An' straikit it wi' ulzie.

Hae done your *paritch*, lassie *Lizz*,
Gie me my sark an' gravat;
I'se be as braw's the Deacon is
Whan he tacks *Affidavit*
O' *Faith* the day.

III.

Whare's *Johnny* gaun, cries neebour *Bess*,
That he's sae gayly bodin,
Wi' new kaim'd wig, weel syndet face;
Silk hose, for hamely hodin?
"Our Johnny's nae sma' drink you'll guess,
"He's trig as ony muir-cock,
"An' forth to mak a Deacon, lass;
"He downa speak to poor fock
"Like us the day."

IV.

The *coat* ben-by i' the kist-nook,
That's been this towmonth swarming,
Is brought yence mair thereout to look,
To fleg awa the vermin;
Menzies o' *moths* an' *flaes* are shook,
An' i' the floor they howder,
Till in a birn beneath the crook
They're singit wi' a scowder
To death that day.

V.

The canty cobler quats his sta',
His *rozet* an' his *lingans;*
His buik has dreed a sair, sair fa'
Frae meals o' *bread and ingans:*
Now he's a pow o' *wit* an' *law,*
An' taunts at soals an' heels;
To *Walker's* he can rin awa,
There whang his *creams* an' *jeels*
Wi' life that day.

VI.

The lads in order tak their seat,
(The de'l may clay the clungest!)
The stegh an' connoch sae the meat,
Their teeth mak mair than tongue haste;
Their *claes* sae cleanly tight an' feat,
An' eke their craw-black *beavers,*
Like *masters* mows hae found the gate,
To tassols teugh wi' slavers
Fu' lang that day.

VII.

The dinner done, for brandy strang
They cry to weet their thrapple,
To gar the stamack bide the bang,
Nor wi' its laden grapple.

The grace is said—its nae o'er lang;
The claret reams in bells;
Quod *Deacon* let the toast round gang,
"Come, here's our *Noble sel's*
"*Weel met* the day."

VIII.

Weels me o' drink, quo' *cooper* Will,
My *barrel* has been geyz'd ay,
An' has na gotten sic a fill
Sin' fu' on Handsel-Teysday:
But makes-na, now it's got a sweel,
Ae gird I shanna cast lad,
Or else I wish the horned de'il
May *Will* wi' kittle cast dad
To h—ll the day.

IX.

The *Magistrates* fu' wyly are,
Their lamps are gayly blinkin,
But they might as leive burn elsewhare,
Whan fock's *blind fu'* wi' drinkin.
Our *Deacon* wadna ca' a chair,
The foul ane durst him na-say;
He took *shanks naig*, but fient may care!
He *arslins* kiss'd the causey
Wi' *bir* that night.

X.

Weel loes me o' you, souter *Jock*,
For tricks ye buit be trying,
Whan greapin for his ain bed-stock,
He fa's whare *Will's* wife's lying:
Will coming hame wi' ither fock,
He saw *Jock* there before him;
Wi' *Maister Laiglen*, like a brock,
He did wi' stink maist smore him
Fu' strang that night.

XI.

Then wi' a souple leathern whang
He gart them fidge and girn ay,
"Faith, chiel, ye's nae for naething gang,
"Gin ye maun reel my pirny."
Syne wi' a muckle alshin lang
He brodie *Maggie's* hurdies;
An' cause he thought her i' the wrang,
There pass'd nae bonny wordies
'Tween them that night.

XII.

Now, had some laird his lady fand
In sic unseemly courses,
It might hae loos'd the haly band,
Wi' law-suits an' *divorces*:

But the neist day they a' shook hands,
And ilka *crack* did sowder,
While *Megg* for drink her apron pawns,
For a' the gude-man cow'd her
Whan fu' last night.

XIII.

Glowr round the cawsey, up an' down,
What mobbing and what plotting!
Here politicians bribe a loun
Against his saul for voting,
The gowd that inlakes half a crown
Thir blades lug out to try them,
They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town
For weights an' scales to weigh them
Exact that day.

XIV.

Then *Deacons* at the counsel stent
To get themsel's presentit:
For towmonths twa their saul is lent,
For the town's gude indentit:
Lang's their debating thereanent,
About *Protests* they're bauthrin;
While *Sandy Fife*, to mak content,
On *Bells* plays *Clout the Caudron*
To them that day.

XV.

Ye lowns that troke in doctor's stuff,
You'll now hae unco slaisters;
Whan windy blaws their *stamacks* puff,
They'll need baith pills and plaisters;
For tho' e'en-now they look right bluff,
Sic drinks, 'ere *hillocks* meet,
Will hap some Deacons in a truff,
Inrow'd in the lang leet
O' death yon night.

TO

THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

ANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
iat gar'd them sic in steeple hing
They ken themsel',
weel wat I they coudna bring
War sounds frae hell.

iat de'il are ye? that I should bann,
ir neither kin to pat nor pan;
r *ugly pig*, nor *maister-cann*,
But weel may gie
ir pleasure to the ear o' man
Than stroke o' thee.

ece merchants may look bauld I trow,
' a' *Auld Reikie's* childer now
un stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy sound to bang,
d keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't,
Like scaulding wife's, there is nae guidin't:
Whan I'm 'bout ony bis'ness eident,
It's sair to thole:
To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't
Wi' senseless knoll.

O! were I Provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the pow'rs aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down;
Nor shud you think
(Sae sair I'd crack and clour your crown)
Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,
An' fain wad fa' owr in a nap,
Troth I cou'd doze as soun's a tap,
Wer't na for thee,
That gie' the tither weary chap
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick;
Quo' he, "This bell o' mine's a trick,
"A wyly piece o' politic,
"A cunnin snare
"To trap fock in a cloven stick,
"'Ere they're aware.

'As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
'A' body at the kirk will skair;
"Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
"Like it can wound,
"We douna care a single hair
"For joyfu' sound."

Gif magistrates wi' me wud 'gree,
For ay *tongue-takit* shud ye be,
Nor fleg wi' *antimelody*
Sic honest fock,
Whase lugs were never made to dree
Thy doolfu' shock.

But far frae thee the *baillies* dwell,
Or they wud scunner at your knell:
Gie the *foul thief* his riven bell,
And than, I trow,
The by-word hads, "the de'il himsel'
"Has got his due."

MUTUAL COMPLAINT

OF PLAINSTANES AND CAUSEY,

IN THEIR MOTHER TONGUE.

SIN *Merlin* laid Auld Reikie's causey,
And made her o' his wark right saucy,
The spacious *street* and *plainstanes*
Were never kend to crack but anes,
Whilk happen'd on the hinder night,
Whan * *Fraser's* uly tint its light;
O' Highland sentries nane were waukin,
To hear thir cronies glibly taukin;
For them this wonder might hae rotten,
And, like *night robb'ry*, been forgotten,
Had na a cadie, wi' his lanthron,
Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,
Wha came to me neist morning early,
To gie me tidings o' this ferly.
Ye taunting lowns, trow this nae joke,
For anes the ass of Balaam spoke,

* The Contractor for the lamps.

etter than lawyers do, forsooth,
or it spake naething but the truth!
Whether they follow its example,
ou'll ken best whan you hear the sample.
Plainstanes. My friend, thir hunder years
and mair,
Ve've been forfoughen late and air,
ı sun-shine, and in weety weather,
ur thrawart lot we bure thegither.
never growl'd, but was content
Whan ilk an had an equal stent;
ut now to flyte I'se e'en be bauld,
Whan I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd.
ow haps it, say, that mealy bakers,
air-kaimers, crieshy gizy-makers,
hou'd a' get leave to waste their powders
po' my beaux and ladies shoulders?
[y travellers are fley'd to deid
Vi' creels wanchancy, heap'd wi' bread,
rae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,
'hat aften gie the maidens sic licks,
s mak them blyth to skreen their faces
Vi' *hats* and muckle maun *bon-graces,*
nd cheat the lads that fain wad see
'he glances o' a pauky eie,
r gie their loves a wylie wink,
'hat erst might lend their hearts a clink!

Speak, was I made to dree the ladin
O' Gallic chairman heavy treadin,
Wha in my tender buke bore holes
Wi' waefu' tackets i' the soals
O' broggs, whilk on my body tramp,
And wound like death at ilka clamp?
Causey. Weil crackit, friend—It aft hads true,
Wi' naething fock make maist ado:
Weel ken ye, tho' you doughtna tell,
I pay the sairest kain mysell:
Owr me ilk day big wagons rumble,
And a' my fabric birze and jumble;
Owr me the muckle horses gallop,
Eneugh to rug my very saul up;
And coachmen never trow they're sinning,
While down the street their wheels are spinning.
Like thee, do I not bide the brunt
O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt?
Yet I hae never thought o' breathing
Complaint, or making din for naething.
Plainstanes. Had sae, and let me get a word in,
Your back's best fitted for the burden;
And I can eithly tell you why,
Ye're doughtier by far than I;

For whin-stanes, howkit frae the craigs,
May thole the prancing feet o' naigs,
Nor ever fear uncanny hotches
Frae clumsy carts or hackney-coaches,
While I, a weak and feckless creature,
Am moulded by a safter nature.
Wi' mason's chissel dighted neat,
To gar me look baith clean and feat,
I scarce can bear a sairer thump
Than come frae sole o' shoe or pump,
I grant, indeed, that now and than,
Yield to a *paten's* pith I maun;
But patens, tho' they're aften plenty,
Are ay laid down wi' feet fu' tenty,
And strokes frae ladies, tho' they're teazing,
I freely maun avow are pleasing.
  For what use was I made, I wonder?
It was na tamely to chap under
The weight o' ilka codroch chiel,
That does my skin to targets peel;
But gin I guess aright, my trade is
To fend frae skaith the bonny ladies,
To keep the bairnies free frae harms
Whan airing i' their nurses arms,
To be a safe and canny bield
For growing youth or drooping eild.
  Tak then frae me the heavy load
O' burden-bearers heavy shod,

Or, by my troth, the gude auld town sall
Hae this affair before the council.
Causey. I dinna care a single jot,
Tho' summon'd by a shelly-coat;
Sae leally I'll propone defences,
As get ye flung for my expenses;
Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim,*
And hae a *magnum damnum datum;*
For tho' frae *Arthur's-seat* I sprang,
And am in constitution strang,
Wad it na fret the hardest stane
Beneath the *Luckenbooths* to grane?
Tho' magistrates the *Cross* discard,
It makes na whan they leave the *Guard!*
A lumbersome and stinking bigging,
That rides the sairest on my rigging.
Poor me owr meikle dó ye blame,
For tradesmen tramping on your wame,
Yet a' your edvocates and braw fock,
Come still to me 'twixt ane and twa clock,
And never yet were kent to range
At *Charlie's Statue* or *Exchange.*
Then tak your beaux and macaronies,
Gie me trades-fock and country Johnies;
The de'il's in't gin ye dinna sign
Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.
Plainstanes. Gin we twa cou'd be as aul farrant
As gar the council gie a warrant,

Ilk lown rebellious to tak,
Wha walks not i' the proper track,
And o' three shillings Scottish souk him,
Or in the *water-hole* sair douk him,
This might assist the poor's collection,
And gie baith parties satisfaction.

Causey. But first, I think it will be good
To bring it to the *Robinhood*,*
Whare we sall hae the question stated,
And keen and crabitly debated,
Whether the provost and the bailies,
For the town's gude whase daily toil is,
Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,
And see obtemper'd the conditions.

Plainstanes. Content am I—But east the gate is
The Sun, wha taks his leave o' Thetis,
And come's to waken honest fock,
That gang to wark at sax o'clock;
It sets us to be dumb a while,
And let our words gie place to toil.

* Now called the PANTHEON.

A DRINK ECLOGUE.

LANDLADY, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.

ON auld worm-eaten skelf, in cellar dunk,
Whare hearty benders synd their drouthy trunk,
Twa chappin bottles pang'd wi' liquor fu',
BRANDY the tane, the tither WHISKY blue,
Grew canker'd; for the twa were het within,
An' het-skin'd fock to flyting soon begin:
The FRENCHMAN fizz'd, and first wad fit the field,
While paughty SCOTSMAN scorn'd to beenge or yield.
Brandy. Black be your fa! ye cottar loun mislear'd,
Blawn by the *Porters, Chairman, City-Guard;*
Hae ye nae breeding, that you cock your nose
Against my sweetly gusted cordial dose.
I've been near pauky courts, and aften there
Hae ca'd *hystericks* frae the dowy fair;
And *courtiers* aft gaed greening for my smack,
To gar them bauldly glour, and gashly crack.
The *priest,* to bang mishanters black and cares,
Hae sought me in his closet for his prayers.

That tig then takes the fates, that they can thole
hrawart to fix me i' this weary hole,
ir fash'd wi' din, wi' darkness, and wi' stinks,
hare cheery day-light thro' the mirk ne'er blinks.
Whisky. But ye maun be content, and maunna rue,
ho' erst ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou:
i' thoughts like thae your heart may sairly dunt;
he warld's now chang'd, its nae like use and wont;
or here, wae's me! there's nouther lord nor laird
ome to get heartscad frae their stamack skair'd;
ae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face,
or they glour eiry at a friend's disgrace;
ut heeze your heart up—Whan at court you hear
he patriot's *thrapple* wat wi' reaming *beer;*
Vhan *chairman,* weary wi' his daily gain,
an synd his *whistle* wi' the clear *champaign;*
e hopefu', for the time will soon row round,
Vhan you'll nae langer dwall beneath the ground.

Brandy. Wanwordy gowk! did I sae aften shine
Wi' gowden glister thro' the chrystal fine,
To thole your taunts, that seenil hae been seen
Awa frae *luggie*, *quegh*, or *truncher treein;*
Gif honour wad but lat, a *challenge* shou'd
Twine ye o' Highland *tongue* and Highland *blude;*
Wi' cairds like thee I scorn to file my thumb,
For gentle spirits gentle breeding doom.

Whisky. Truly I think it right you get your alms,
Your high heart humbled amang common drams:
Braw days for you, whan fools, newfangle fain,
Like ither countries better than their ain;
For there ye never saw sic chaney days,
Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays:
Hame-o'er langsyne you hae been blyth to pack
Your a' upon a *sarkless* soldier's back;
For you thir lads, as weel-lear'd trav'lers tell,
Had sell'd their *sarks*, gin *sarks* they'd had to sell.
But worth gets poortith an' black burning shame,
To draunt and drivel out a life at hame.

Alake! the byword's owr weel kent throughout,
'Prophets at hame are held in nae repute;"
Sae fair'st wi' me, tho' I can het the skin,
And set the saul upo' a mirry pin,
Yet I am hameil, there's the sour mischance!
I'm na frae Turkey, Italy, or France;
For now our gentles gabbs are grown sae nice!
At thee they toot, an' never spear my price:
Witness—for thee they hight their tenants rent,
And fill their lands wi' poortith, discontent;
Gar them o'er seas for cheaper mailins hunt,
An' leave their ain as bare's the Cairn-o-mount.
Bran. Tho' lairds tak toothfu's o' my warming sap,
This dwines not tenants gear, nor cows their crap;
For love to you there's mony a tenant gaes
Bare-ars'd and barefoot o'er the highland braes:
For your nae mair the thrifty gudewife sees
Her lasses kirn, or birze the dainty cheese;
Crummie nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune,
Wi' milkness dreeping frae her teats adown:
For you owr ear' the ox his fate partakes,
And fa's a victim to the bludy aix.
Whisky. Wha is't that gars the greedy Banker prieve
The *Maiden's tocher,* but the *Maiden's* leave:

By you when spulzied o' her charming pose,
She tholes in turn the taunt o' cauldrife joes;
Wi' skelps like this fock sit but seenil down
To *wethergammon* or *howtowdy* brown;
Sair dung wi' dule, and fley'd for coming debt,
They gar their *mou'-bits* wi' their *incomes* met,
Content enough gif they hae wherewithal
Scrimply to tack their body and their saul
Brandy. Frae some poor poet, o'er as poor a pot,
Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot,
Or burgher politician, that embrues
His tongue in thee, and reads the claiking news;
But waes heart for you! that for ay maun dwell
In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,
While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,
Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.
Whisky. Troth I hae been 'ere now the poet's flame,
And heez'd his sangs to mony blythesome theme,
Wha was't gar'd ALLIE'S *chaunter* chirm fu' clear,
Life to the saul, and music to the ear:
Nae stream but kens, and can repeat the lay
To shepherd streekit on the simmer brae,

Wha to their *whistle* wi' the lav'rock bang,
To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.
Bran. But here's the brouster-wife, and she
can tell
Wha's win the day, and wha shou'd wear the
bell:
Hae done your din, an' let her judgment join
In final verdict 'twixt your pley and mine.
Landlady. In days o' yore I cou'd my living
prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' guagers or excise;
But now-a-days we're blyth to lear the thrift
Our heads 'boon *licence* and *excise* to lift:
Inlakes o' BRANDY we can soon supply
By WHISKY tinctur'd wi' the *saffron's* dye.
Will you your breeding threep, ye *mongrel*
loun!
Frae hame-bred liquor dy'd to colour brown?
So *flunky* braw, whan drest in maister's claise,
Struts to Auld Reikie's cross on sunny days,
Till some auld comrades, ablins out o' place,
Near the vain upstart shaws his meagre face;
Bumbaz'd he loups frae sight, and jooks his
ken,
Fley'd to be seen amang the tassel'd train.

TO THE

PRINCIPAL AND PROFESSORS

Of the University of St. Andrew's, on their superb Treat t
Dr. Samuel Johnson.

ST. ANDREW'S town may look right gawsy
Nae *Grass* will grow upo' her cawsey,
Nor wa'-flow'r o' a yellow dye,
Glour dowy o'er her *Ruins* high,
Sin' *Sammy's* head weel pang'd wi' lear
Has seen the *Alma Mater* there:
Regents, my winsome billy boys!
'Bout him ye've made an unco noise;
Nae doubt for him your bells wad clink
To find him upon *Eden's* brink,
An' a' things nicely set in order,
Wad keep him on the Fifan border;
I'se warrant now, frae France an' Spain,
Baith *Cooks* an' *Scullions* mony ane
Wad gar the pats an' kettle's tingle
Around the college kitchen ingle,
To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,
Wi' reeking het an' creeshy soup;

And *snails* and *puddocks* mony hunder
Wad beeking lie the hearth-stane under,
Wi' roast and boil'd, an' a kin kind,
To heat the body, cool the mind.
But hear, my lads! gin I'd been there,
How I'd hae trimm'd the bill o' fare!
For ne'er sic surly wight as he
Had met wi' sic respect frae me.
Mind ye what *Sam*, the lying loun!
Has in his Dictionar laid down?
That aits in England are a feast,
To cow an' horse, an' sicken beast,
While in Scots ground this growth was common
To gust the gab o' *Man* an' *Woman*.
Tak tent, ye *Regents!* then, an' hear
My list o' gudely hamil gear,
Sic as hae aften rax'd the wyme
O' blyther fallows mony time,
Mair hardy, souple, steeve, an' swank,
Than ever stood on *Sammy's* shank.
Imprimis, then, a haggis fat,
Weel tottl'd in a seything pat,
Wi' *spice* an' *ingans* weel ca'd thro',
Had help'd to gust the stirrah's mow,
An' plac'd itsell in truncher clean
Before the gilpy's glowrin een.
Secundo, then, a gude sheep's head,
Whase hide was singit, never flead,

And four black trotters clad wi' grisle,
Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirsle.
What think ye neist o' gude fat brose,
To clag his ribs? a dainty dose!
And white and bloody puddins routh,
To gar the Doctor skirl, O Drouth!
Whan he cou'd never houp to merit
A cordial glass o' reaming claret,
But thraw his nose, and brize and pegh
O'er the contents o' sma' ale quegh;
Then let his wisdom girn an' snarl
O'er a weel-tostit girdle farl,
An' learn, that, maugre o' his wame,
Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.
DRUMMOND, lang syne, o' Hawthornden,
The wyliest an' best o' men,
Has gien you dishes ane or mae,
That wad hae gar'd his grinders play,
Not to *Roast Beef*, Auld England's life!
But to the auld *East Nook of Fife*,*
Whare Craillian crafts cou'd weel hae gi'en
Scate-rumples to hae clear'd his een;
Than neist, whan *Sammy's* heart was faintin,
He'd lang'd for scate to make him wanton.
Ah! willawin's for Scotland now,
Whan she maun stap ilk birky's mow,

* Alluding to two Tunes under these titles.

Wi' eistacks, grown as 'twarë in pet
In foreign land, or green-house het,
Whan cog o' brose an' cutty spoon
Is a' our cottar childer's boon
Wha thro' the week, till Sunday's speal,
Toil for pease-clods an' gude lang kail.
Devall then, Sirs, and never send
For daintiths to regale a friend,
Or, like a torch at baith ends burning,
Your house'll soon grow mirk and mourning!
* What's this I hear some cynic say?
Robin, ye loun! it's nae fair play;
Is there nae ither subject rife
To clap your thumb upo' but *Fife?*
Gie o'er, young man, you'll meet your corning,
Than caption war, or charge o' horning;
Some canker'd, surly, sour mou'd carline
Bred near the abbey o' Dumfarline,
Your shoulders yet may gie a lounder,
An' be of verse the mal-confounder.
Come on, ye blades! but 'ere ye tulzie,
Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gulzie,

* Our Author here alludes to a misunderstanding he had with a gentleman, a native of Dumfermline, who took amiss the concluding reflection in the *Expedition to Fife* so much, that he sent him a challenge; but which our Author treated with great contempt.

Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,
Nor o'er an empty bicker blink;
What weets the wizen an' the wyme
Will mend your prose, and heal my rhyme.

ELEGY

On John Hogg, late Porter to the University of St. Andrews.

DEATH, what's ado? the de'il belicket,
Or wi' your *stang* you ne'er had pricket,
Or our *auld* ALMA MATER tricket
O' poor John Hogg,
And trail'd him ben thro' your mark wicket
As dead's a log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun
May dander wae wi' *duddy gown;*
*Kate Kennedy** to dowy crune
May mourn and clink,
And steeples o' St. Andrew's town
To yird may sink.

Sin' *Pauly Tam,*† wi' canker'd snout,
First held the students in about,

* A bell in the College steeple.

† A name given by the students, at that time, to one of the members of the University.

To wear their claes as black as soot,
They ne'er had reason,
Till Death John's haffit gae a clout
Sae out o' season.

Whan *regents* met at common schools,
He taught auld *Tam* to hale the dules,
And eident to row right the bowls,
Like ony emmack;
He kept us a' within the rules
Strict academic.

Heh! wha will tell the students now
To meet the *Pauly* cheek for chow,
Whan he, like *frightsome wirrikow*,
Had wont to rail,
And set our stamacks in a low,
Or we turn'd tail.

Ah, Johnny! aften did I grumble
Frae cozy bed fu' ear' to tumble
Whan art and part I'd been in some ill
Troth I was swear;
His words they brodit like a wumil
Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,
John than begude to moralize:

tither nap, the *sluggard* cries,
"And turns him round,
spake auld Solomon the wise,
"Divine profound!"

lominie, or wise mess John,
better lear'd in Solomon;
ted proverbs one by one
Ilk vice to tame;
ır'd ilk sinner sigh an' groan,
And fear hell's flame.

ıe nae meikle skill, quo' he,
what you ca' philosophy;
ells that baith the earth and sea
"Rin round about;
her the Bible tells a lie,
"Or ye're a' out.

i' the *Psalms* o' David writ,
at this wide warld ne'er should flit,
on the water's coshly sit
"Fu' steeve and lasting:
' was na he a head o' wit
"At sic contesting!"

ining cauld wi' glee we'd trudge
eat our shins in Johnny's lodge;

The de'il ane thought his bum to budge
Wi' siller on us:
To claw *het pints* we'd never grudge
O' *molationis.*

Say, ye *red gowns!* that aften here
Hae toasted Cakes to *Katie's* beer,
Gin 'ere thir days hae had their peer,
Sae blyth, sae daft!
You'll ne'er again in life's career
Sit ha'f sae saft.

Wi' haffit locks sae smooth and sleek,
John look'd like ony ancient Greek;
He was a Naz'rene a' the week,
And doughtna tell out
A bawbee Scots to scrape his cheek
Till Sunday fell out.

For John ay loo'd to turn the pence,
Thought poortith was a great offence:
"What reeks tho' ye ken *mood* and *tense?*
"A hungry *wyme*
"For *gowd* wad wi' them baith dispense
"At ony time.

"Ye ken what ails mann ay befal
"The chiel that will be prodigal;

han wasted to the very spaul
"He turns his tusk,
r want o' comfort to his saul
"O hungry husk."

oyit louns! just do as he'd do;
mony braw green *shaw* an' *meadow*
left to cheer his dowy widow,
His winsome *Kate*,
t to him prov'd a canny she-dow,
Baith ear' and late.

THE GHAISTS.

A Kirk-yard Eclogue.

Did you not say in good ANN's day,
An vow and did protest, Sir,
That when HANOVER should come o'er
We surely should be blest, Sir?
An auld Sang made new again.

WHARE the braid plains in dowy murmurs wave
Their ancient taps out o'er the cauld-clad grave,
Whare *Geordie Girdwood*,* mony a lang spun day,
Houkit for gentlest banes the humblest clay,
'Twa sheeted ghaists, sae grizly and sae wan,
'Mang lanely tombs their douff discourse began.
Wats. Cauld blaws the nippin north wi' angry sough,
And showers his hailstanes frae the Castle Clough

* The late Sexton.

O'er the Grayfriars, whare, at mirkest hour,
Bogles and spectres wont to tak their tour,
Harlin the pows and shanks to hidden cairns,
Amang the hamlocks wild, and sun-burnt fearns:
But nane the night, save you and I, hae come
Frae the dreer mansions o' the midnight tomb.
Now whan the dawning's near, whan cock maun craw,
And wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,
Ayont the Kirk we'll stap, and their tak bield,
While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

Herriot. I'm weel content; but binna cassen down,
Nor trow the cock will ca' ye hame o'er soon,
For tho' the eastern lift betakens day,
Changing her rokely black for mantle grey,
Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting rings,
Nor sheds the caller moisture frae his wings.
Nature has chang'd her course; the birds o' day
Dozen in silence on the bending spray,
While owlets round the craigs at noon-tide flee,
And bludy-hawks sit singand on the tree.
Ah, *Caledon!* the land I yence held dear,
Sair mane mak I for thy destruction near;

And thou, *Edina!* anes my dear abode,
Whan royal *Jamie* sway'd the sovereign rod,
In thae blest days, weel did I think bestow'd
To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd;
To make thee sonsy seem wi' mony a gift,
And gar thy stately turrets speel the lift:
In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimcrack pains,
In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes:
In vain did he affix my statue here,
Brawly to busk wi' flow'rs ilk coming year;
My tow'rs are sunk, my lands are barren now,
My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs, maun dow.
Watson. Sure *Major Weir,* or some sic warlock wight,
Has flung beguilin' glamour o'er your sight;
Or else some kittle cantrip thrown, I ween,
Has bound in mirlygoes my ain twa ein,
If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd
(And seenil hae my senses been deceiv'd,)
This mament, o'er the tap o' *Adam's* tomb,
Fu' easy can I see your chiefest dome:
Nae corbie fleein there, nor croupin craws,
Seem to forspeak the ruin o' thy haws,
But a' your tow'rs in wonted order stand,
Steeve as the rocks that hem our native land.
Herriot. Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain,
Kent ye the cause, ye sure wad join my mane.

Black be the day that e'er to England's ground
Scotland was eikit by the *Union's* bond;
For mony a menzie o' destructive ills
The country now maun brook frae *mortmain bills*,
That void our test'ments, and can freely gie
Sic will and scoup to the ordain'd trustee,
That he may tir our stateliest riggins bare
Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishins spare,
Till he can lend the stoitering state a lift
Wi' gowd in gowpins as a grassum gift;
In lieu o' whilk, we maan be weel content
To tyne the capital for three *per cent.*
A doughty sum indeed, whan now-a-days
They raise provisions as the stents they raise,
Yoke hard the poor, and lat the rich chiels be,
Pamper'd at ease by ither's industry.
Hale interest for my fund can scantly now
Cleed a' my callants backs, and stap their mou':
How mann their weyms wi' sairest hunger slack,
Their duds in targets staff upo' their back,
Whan they are doom'd to keep a lasting Lent,
Starving for England's weel at three *per cent!*
Watson. AULD REIKIE than may bless the gowden times,
Whan honesty and poortith baith are crimes:

She little kend, whan you and I endow'd
Our hospitals for back-gaun burghers gude,
That e'er our siller or our lands shou'd bring
A gude bien living to a back-gaun king:
Wha, thanks to Ministry! is grown sae wise,
He downa chew the bitter cud of vice;
For gin, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,
Wad honest houses bawdy-houses grow,
The Crown wad never spear the price o' sin,
Nor hinder younkers to the de'il to rin!
But gif some mortal gree for pious fame,
And leave the poor man's pray'r to sain his name,
His gear maun a' be scatter'd by the claws
O' ruthless, ravenous, and harpy laws.
Yet, shou'd I think, altho' the bill tak place,
The Council winna lack sae meikle grace,
As lat our heritage at wanworth gang,
Or the succeeding generations wrang
O' braw bien maintenance and wealth o' lear,
Whilk else had drappit to their children's skair;
For mony a deep, and mony a rare engyne
Hae sprung frae Herriot's Wark, and sprung frae mine.

Herriot. I find, my friend, that ye but little ken,
'There's ei'now on the earth a set o' men,

Wha, if they get their private pouches lin'd,
Gie nae a winnelstrae for a' mankind;
They'll sell their country, flae their conscience bare,
To gar the weigh-bauk turn a single hair.
The Government need only bait the line
Wi' the prevailing flee, the gowden coin;
Than our executors, and wise trustees,
Will sell them fishes in forbidden seas,
Upo' their dwining country girn in sport,
Laugh i' their sleeve, and get a place at court.
Wats. 'Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our spirits pick
Some ghaist that trokes and conjures wi' *Auld Nick*,
To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,
And weightier thuds than ever mortal saw:
Fire-flaught and hail, wi' tenfauld fury's fires,
Shall lay yerd laigh Edina's airy spires:
Tweed shall rin rowtin' down his banks out o'er,
Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's pow'r;
Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,
And mourn in dowy saughs her dowy lot.
Herriot. Yonder's the tomb o' wise *Mackenzie* fam'd,
Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd,

Freed the hale land o' covenanting fools,
Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools;
Till night we'll tak the swaird aboon our pows,
And than, whan she her ebon chariot rows,
We'll travel to the vaut wi' stealing stap,
And wauk *Mackenzie* frae his quiet nap;
Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,
May fleg the schemers o' the *mortmain bill.*

[The preceding Poem was written about the time a Bill was in agitation for vesting the whole Funds of Hospitals, and other Charities throughout the Kingdom, in Government stock at three per cent.]

TO MY AULD BREEKS.

NOW gae your wa's—Tho' anes as gude
As ever happit *flesh* and *blude*,
Yet part we maun—The case sae hard is,
Amang the Writers and the Bardies,
That lang they'll brook the *auld* I trow,
Or neighbours cry, "Weel brook the *new*."
Still making tight wi' tither steek
The tither hole, the tither eik,
To bang the birr o' winter's anger,
And had the hurdies out o' langer.
Sicklike some weary wight will fill
His kyte wi' *drogs* frae doctor's *bill*,
Thinking to tack the tither year
To life, and look baith hail an' fier,
Till at the lang-run Death dirks in,
To birze his saul ayont his skin.
You needna wag your *duds* o' clouts,
Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,
To think that erst you've hain'd my *tail*,
Frae *wind* and *weet*, frae *snaw* and *hail*,
And for reward, whan bauld and hummil,
Frae garret high to dree a tumble.

For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd
Be lin'd wi' siller or wi' gowd:
Now to befriend, it wad be folly,
Your raggit hide and pouches holey;
For wha but kens a poet's placks
Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,
And canna thole to hae them tint,
As he sae seenil sees the mint?
Yet round the warld keek and see,
That ithers fare as ill as thee;
For weel we loe the chiel we think
Can get us tick, or gie us drink,
Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,
Than we despise, and hae forgot him.
  Yet gratefu' hearts, to make amends,
Will ay be sorry for their friends,
And I for thee—As mony a time
Wi' you I've speel'd the braes o' rhime,
Whare for the time the Muse ne'er cares
For siller, or sic guilefu' wares,
Wi' whilk we drumly grow, and crabbit,
Dour, capernoited, thrawin gabbit,
And brither, sister, friend and fae,
Without remeid o' kindred, slae.
  You've seen me round the bickers reel
Wi' heart as hale as temper'd steel,
And face sae apen, free and blyth,
Nor thought that sorrow there cou'd kyth;

But the neist mament this was lost,
Like gowan in December's frost.
  Cou'd *Prick-the-louse* but be sae handy
As mak the breeks and claise to stand ay,
Thro' thick and thin wi' you I'd dash on,
Nor mind the folly o' the fashion:
But, hegh! the times' *vicissitudo*
Gars ither breeks decay as you do.
The Macaronies, braw and windy,
Maun fail—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*
  Now speed you to some maiden's chaumer,
That butt an' ben rings dule an' clamour,
Ask her, in kindness, if she seeks,
In hidling ways *to wear the breeks?*
Safe you may dwall, tho' mould and motty,
Beneath the veil o' under coatie,
For this mair fants nor your's can screen,
Frae lover's quickest sense, his ein.
  Or gif some bard, in lucky times,
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhimes,
And pace awa', wi' smirky face,
In siller or in gowden lace,
Glowr in his face, like spectre gaunt,
Remind him o' his former want,
To cow his daffin and his pleasure,
And gar him live within the measure.
  So *Philip*, it is said, who wou'd ring
O'er *Macedon* a just and gude king,

Fearing that power might plume his feather,
And bid him stretch beyond his tether,
Ilk morning to his lug wad ca'
A tiny servant o' his ha',
To tell him to improve his span,
For *Philip*, was, like him, a *Man*.

AULD REIKIE.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka town
That *Scotland* kens beneath the moon!
Whare couthy chiels at e'ening meet
Their bizzing *craigs* and *mous* to weet;
And blythly gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkit and wi' bleering eye:
O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the *Simmer's* green,
Whan flowers and gowans wont to glent
In bonny blinks upo' the bent;
But now the *leaves* o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the *branches*, quickly fly;
And now frae nouther bush nor briar
The spreckl'd *mavis* greets your ear;
Nor bonny blackbird *skims* and *roves*
To seek his love in yonder groves.
Then *Reikie*, welcome! Thou canst charm
Unfleggit by the year's alarm;
Not Boreas, that sae snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry nose:
Thanks to our *dads*, whase biggin stands
A shelter to surrounding lands.

Now morn, wi' bonny purple smiles,
Kisses the air-cock o' St. Giles;
Rakin their ein, the servant lasses
Early begin their lies and clashes;
Ilk tells her friend o' saddest distress,
That still she brooks frae scouling mistress;
And wi' her joe in turnpike stair
She'd rather snuff the stinking air,
As be subjected to her tongue,
When justly censur'd i' the wrong.
On stair wi' *tub*, or *pat* in hand,
The barefoot *housemaids* loe to stand,
That antrin fock may ken how *snell*
Auld Reikie will at morning *smell:*
Then, with an *inundation big* as
The *burn* that 'neath the *Nor' Loch brig* is,
They kindly shower Edina's roses,
To *quicken* and *regale* our *noses.*
Now some for this, wi' satire's leesh,
Hae gi'en auld Edinbrough a creesh:
But without souring nocht is sweet;
The morning smells that hail our street,
Prepare and gently lead the way
To simmer canty, braw and gay:
Edina's sons mair eithly share
Her spices and her dainties rare,
Than he that's never yet been call'd
Aff frae his plaidie or his fauld.

Now stair-head critics, senseless fools,
Censure their aim, and *pride* their rules,
In *Luckenbooths* wi' glouring eye,
Their neighbours sma'est fauts descry:
If ony loun should dander there,
O' aukward gate, and foreign air,
They trace his steps, till they can tell
His *pedigree* as weel's himsell.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,
And schools at noon-day get the play,
Then, bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes,
The trader glours; he doubts, he hums:
The lawyers eke to cross repair,
Their wings to shaw, and toss an air;
While busy agent closely plies,
And a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
Is wi' her usual rites begun;
Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze,
And globes send out their blinkin rays.
The usefu' cadie plies in street,
To bide the profits o' his feet;
For by thir lads Auld Reikie's fock
Ken but a *sample* o' the stock
O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,
And mak baith goods and gear the less.
Near him the lazy chairman stands,
And wats na how to turn his hands;

Till some daft birky, ranting fu',
Has matters somewhare else to do;
The chairman willing gi'es his light
To deeds o' darkness and o' night.
It's never sax-pence for a lift
That gars thir lads wi' fu'ness rift;
For they wi' better gear are paid,
And *whores* and *culls* support their trade.
Near some lamp-post, wi' dowy face,
Wi' heavy ein, and sour grimace,
Stands she that beauty lang had kend,
Whoredom her trade, and vice her end.
But see whare now she wins her bread
By that which nature ne'er decreed;
And vicious ditties sings to please
Fell Dissipation's votaries.
Whane'er we reputation lose,
Fair chastity's transparent gloss!
Redemption seenil kens the name,
But a's black misery and shame.
Frae joyous tavern, reeling drunk,
Wi' fiery phizz, and ein half sunk,
Behad the bruiser, fae to a'
That in the reek o' gardies fa'
Close by his side, a feckless race
O' macaronies shaw their face,
And think they're free frae skaith or harm,
While pith befriends their leaders arm:

Yet fearfu' aften o' their maught,
They quit the glory o' the faught
To this same warrior wha led
Thae heroes to bright honour's bed;
And aft the hack o' honour shines
In bruiser's face wi' broken lines:
O' them sad tales he tells anon,
Whan ramble and whan fighting's done;
And, like Hectorian, ne'er impairs
The brag and glory o' his sairs.
  Whan feet in dirty gutters plash,
And fock to wale their fitstaps fash;
At night the macaroni drunk,
In pools and gutters aftimes sunk:
Hegh! what a fright he now appears,
Whan he his corpse dejected rears!
Look at that head, and think if there
The pomet slaister'd up his hair!
The cheeks observe, where now cou'd shine
The scansing glories o' carmine!
Ah, legs! in vain the silk-worm there
Display'd to view her eident care;
For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,
And clarty odours fragrant flow.
  Now some to porter, some to punch,
Some to their wife, and some their wench,
Retire, while noisy ten-hours' drum
Gars a' your trades gae dand'ring home.

Now mony a club, jocose and free,
Gie a' to merriment and glee:
Wi' sang and glass, they fley the pow'r
O' care that wad harass the hour:
For wine and Bacchus still bear down
Our thrawart fortune's wildest frown:
It maks you stark, and bauld, and brave,
E'en whan descending to the grave.
Now some, in *Pandemonium's** shade,
Resume the gormandizing trade;
Whare eager *looks*, and glancing *ein*,
Forspeak a *heart* and *stamack* keen.
Gang on, my lads; it's lang sin syne
We kent auld *Epicurus'* line;
Save you the *board* wad cease to rise,
Bedight wi' *daintiths* to the skies;
And salamanders cease to swill
The *comforts* o' a *burning* gill.
But chief, O *Cape!** we crave thy aid,
To get our cares and poortith laid:
Sincerity, and genius true,
O' knights have never been the due:
Mirth, music, porter deepest dy'd,
Are never here to worth deny'd;
And health, o' happiness to the queen,
Blinks bonny, wi' her smiles serene.

* Two social clubs.

Tho' joy maist part Auld Reikie owns,
Eftsoons she kens sad sorrow's frowns;
What groupe is yon sae dismal, grim,
Wi' horrid aspect, cleeding dim?
Says Death they're mine, a dowy crew,
To me they'll quickly pay their last adieu.
How come mankind, whan lacking woe,
In *Saulie's* face their hearts to show,
As if they were a clock to tell
That grief in them had rung her bell?
Then, what is man? why a' this phraze?
Life's spunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.
Let sober grief alane declare
Our fond anxiety and care:
Nor let the undertakers be
The only waefu' friends we see.
Come on, my Muse, and then rehearse
The gloomiest theme in a' your verse:
In mornings when ane keeks about,
Fu' blyth and free frae ail, nae doubt
He lippens na to be misled
Amang the regions o' the dead:
But straight a painted corp he sees,
Lang streekit 'neath its canopies.
Soon, soon will this his mirth controul,
And send d——n to his soul:
Or whan the dead-dale, (awfu' shape!)
Makes frighted mankind girn and gape,

Reflection than his reason sours,
For the neist dead-dale may be ours.
When Sybil led the Trojan down
To haggard *Pluto's* dreary town,
Shapes war nor thae, I freely ween,
Cou'd never meet the sogers' ein.
If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,
Edina's street attracts the sight;
Nor Covent-garden, clad sae braw,
Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw:
For mony a yeard is here sair sought,
That kail and cabbage may be bought,
And healthfu' sallad to regale,
Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.
Glour up the street at simmer morn,
The birk sae green, and sweet-briar thorn,
Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,
Ca' far awa the morning smell,
Wi' which our ladies' flow'r-pat's fill'd,
And every noxious vapour kill'd.
O nature! canty, blyth and free,
Whare is there keeking-glass like thee?
Is there on earth that can compare
Wi' Mary' shape, and Mary's air,
Save the empurpl'd speck that grows
In the saft faulds o' yonder rose?
How bonny seems the virgin breast,
Whan by the lillies here carest,

And leaves the mind in doubt to tell
Which maist in sweets and hue excel?
Gillespie's snuff should prime the nose
O' her that to the market goes,
If she wad like to shun the smells
That buoy up frae market cells;
Whare wames o' painches' sav'ry scent
To nostrils gie great discontent.
Now wha in *Albion* could expect
O' cleanliness sic great neglect?
Nae Hottentot that daily lairs
'Mang tripe or ither clarty wares,
Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen
Beyond the line, sic scenes unclean.
On Sunday here, an alter'd scene
O' men and manner's meets our ein:
Ane wad maist trow some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neighbour think
They thirst for goodness as for drink;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why shou'd religion mak us sad,
If good frae Virtue's to be had?
Na, rather gleefu' turn your face;
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;

And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it:
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest *bon-grace* o'er the face;
Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now Comely-garden, and the Park,
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark;
Newhaven, Leith, or Canon-mills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills:
Whare writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink an' sense.
While dand'ring cits delight to stray
To Castlehill, or public way,
Whare they nae other purpose mean,
Than that foul cause o' being seen;
Let me to *Arthur's Seat* pursue,
Whare bonny pastures meet the view;
And mony a wild lorn scene accrues,
Befitting *Willie Shakespeare's* muse:
If fancy there wou'd join the thrang,
The desart rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to *Mirth* the live-lang day.
Or shou'd some canker'd biting show'r
The day and a' her sweets deflow'r,

To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld *Scotland* knew
Bien days for ever frae her view:
O HAMILTON, for shame! the Muse
Wad pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again:
For O, waes me! the Thistle springs
In *domicile* o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our *palace* and our ancient *state*.
Blest place! whare *debtors* daily run,
To rid themsels frae jail and dun;
Here, tho' sequester'd frae the din
That rings *Auld Reikie's* wa's within,
Yet they may tread the sunny braes,
And brook Apollo's cheary rays;
Glour frae *St. Anthon's* grassy height,
O'er vales in simmer claise bedight,
Nor ever hing their head, I ween,
Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.
May I, whanever *duns* come nigh,
And shake my garret wi' their cry,
Scour here wi' haste, protection get,
To screen mysell frae them and debt;
To breathe the bliss o' open sky,
And *Simon Fraser's** bolts defy.

* The late Keeper of the Tolbooth.

Now gin a loun shou'd hae his claise
In thread-bare autumn o' their days,
St. *Mary*, broker's guardian saint,
Will satisfy ilk ail and want;
For mony a hungary writer there
Dives down at night, wi' cleeding bare,
And quickly rises to the view
A gentleman perfyte and new.
Ye rich fock, look na wi' disdain
Upo' this ancient brokage lane!
For naked poets are supply'd
Wi' what you to their wants deny'd.

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,
DRUMMOND! relief to poortith's pain:
To thee the greatest bless we owe,
And tribute's tear shall grateful flow:
The sick are cur'd, the hungry fed,
And dreams o' comfort tend their bed.
As lang as *Forth* weets *Lothian's* shore,
As lang's on *Fife* her billows roar,
Sae lang shall ilk whase country's dear,
To thy remembrance gie a tear.
By thee *Auld Reikie* thrave and grew
Delightfu' to her childer's view:
Na mair shall *Glasgow* striplins threep
Their city's beauty and its shape,
While our new city spreads around
Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But Provosts now that ne'er afford
The sma'est dignity to *lord*,
Ne'er care tho' every scheme gae wild
That DRUMMOND'S sacred hand has cull'd:
The spacious *Brig** neglected lies,
Tho' plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries;
They heed not tho' destruction come
To gulp us in her gaunting womb.
O shame! that safety canna claim
Protection from a provost's name,
But hidden danger lies behind
To torture and to fleg the mind;
I may as weel bid *Arthur's Seat*
To *Berwick-Law* mak gleg retreat,
As think that either will or art
Shall get the gate to win their heart;
For Politics are a' their mark,
Bribes latent, and corruption dark:
If they can eithly turn the pence,
Wi' city's good they will dispense;
Nor care tho' a' her sons were lair'd
Ten fathom i' the auld kirk-yard.
To sing yet meikle does remain,
Undecent for a modest strain;
And sin' the poet's daily bread is
The favour o' the Muse or ladies,

* The author here alludes to the state of the North Bridge, after its fall.

He downa like to gie offence
To delicacy's bonny sense;
Therefore the stews remain unsung,
And bawds in silence drap their tongue.
  Reikie, farewell! I ne'er cou'd part
Wi' thee but wi' a dowy heart;
Aft frae the *Fifan* coast I've seen
Thee tow'ring on thy summit green.
So glowr the saints when first is given
A fav'rite keek o' glore and heaven;
On earth nae mair they bend their ein,
But quick assume angelic mein;
So I on *Fife* wad glowr no more,
But gallop'd to Edina's shore.

HAME CONTENT.

A SATIRE.

To all whom it may concern.

SOME fock, like *bees*, fu' glegly rin
To bikes bang'd fu' o' strife and din,
And thieve and huddle crumb by crumb,
Till they have scrapit the dautit *Plumb*,
Then craw fell crously o' their wark,
Tell o'er their turners *mark* by *mark*,
Yet dare na think to lowse the pose,
To aid their neighbours ails and woes.
Gif *goud* can fetter thus the heart,
And gar us act sae base a part,
Shall *Man*, a niggard, near-gawn elf!
Rin to the tether's end for pelf;
Learn ilka cunzied scoundrel's trick,
Whan a's done sell his saul to *Nick*:
I trow they've coft the purchase dear,
That gangs sic lengths for warldly gear.
Now whan the *Dog-day* heats begin
To birsle and to peel the skin,
May I lie streekit at my ease,
Beneath the caller shady trees,

(Far frae the din o' Borrowstown,)
Whare water plays the haughs bedown;
To jouk the simmer's rigour there,
And breath a while the caller air,
'Mang herds, an' honest cottar fock,
That till the farm an' feed the flock;
Careless o' mair, wha never fash
To lade their *kist* wi' useless *cash*,
But thank the *Gods* for what they've sent,
O' health eneugh, and blyth content,
An' *pith*, that helps them to stravaig
Owr ilka cleugh an' ilka craig;
Unkend to a' the weary granes
That aft arise frae gentler banes,
On easy chair that pamper'd lie,
Wi' banefu' viands gustit high,
And turn an' fauld their weary clay,
To rax an' gaunt the live-lang day.
Ye sages tell! was man e'er made
To dree this hatefu' sluggard trade?
Steekit frae Nature's beauties a'
That daily on his presence ca';
At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine
For fav'rite dishes, fav'rite wine:
Come, then, shak aff thir sluggish ties,
And wi' the bird o' dawning rise!
On ilka bank the clouds hae spread
Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed;

Frae faulds nae mair the owsen rout,
But to the fatt'ning clover lout,
Whare they may feed at heart's content,
Unyokit frae their winter's stent.
  Unyoke thee, man, an' binna swear
To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear!
O think that *eild*, wi' wyly fit,
Is wearing nearer bit by bit!
Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,
What's siller for? Fiend hae't awa;
But *gowden* playfair, that may please
The second *sharger* till he dies.
  Some daft chiel reads, and taks advice;
The chaise is yokit in a trice;
Awa drives he like huntit de'il,
And scarce tholes *time* to cool his wheel,
Till he's Lord ken's how far awa',
At Italy, or well a' Spa,
Or to Montpelier's safter air;
For far aff *fowls* hae *feathers* fair.
  There rest him weel; for eith can we
Spare mony glakit gouks like he;
They'll tell whare *Tiber's* waters rise;
What *sea* receives the drumly prize,
That never wi' their feet hae met
The *marches* o' their ain estate.
  The *Arno* and the *Tiber* lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;

But save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowy pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer-bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Tho' there the herds can jink the show'rs
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains.
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple, saft bewitching art.
On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our *poetic* grounds.
Come *Fancy!* come, and let us tread
The simmer's flow'ry velvet bed,
And a' your *springs* delightfu' lowse
On *Twida's* bank or *Cowdenknows*,
That ta'en wi' thy enchanting sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleas'd they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they guess you only wear
The simple garb o' *Nature* here;
Mair comely far an' fair to sight
Whan in her easy cleething dight,

Than in disguise ye was before
On Tiber's, or on Arno's shore.
O *Bangour!** Now the hills and dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales!
The birks on Yarrow now deplore
Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore:
Near what bright burn or crystal spring
Did you your winsome whistle hing?
The Muse shall there, wi' *watry* eie,
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee;
And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame!
Shall there forget her blude-stain'd stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

* Mr. Hamilton, of Bangour.

EPISTLE

TO MR. ROBERT FERGUSSON.

IS Allan risen frae the dead,
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
And by the Muses was decreed
To grace the thistle?
Na; Fergusson's come in his stead
To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant, I'm sae fain
To read your sonsy, canty strain,
You write sic easy stile and plain,
And words sae bonny,
Nae southern loun dare you disdain,
Or cry, *Fy on ye!*

Whae'er has at *Auld Reikie* been,
And king's birth-day's exploits has seen,
Maun own that ye hae gi'en a keen
And true description;
Nor say ye've at Parnassas been
To form a fiction.

be your heart, ye canty chield!
ye ne'er want a gude warm bield,
sic good cakes as Scotland yield,
And ilka dainty
grows or feeds upo' her field,
And whisky plenty.

ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame,
ı a' the good things I can name,
than ye will be sair to blame
My gude intention:
that ye needna gae frae hame,
You've sic pretension.

saft and sweet your verses jingle,
your auld words sae meetly mingle,
ill gar baith married fock an' single
To roose your lays;
an we forgether round the ingle,
We'll chant your praise.

an I again *Auld Rekie* see,
can forgether, lad, wi' thee,
n we wi' meikle mirth and glee
Shall tak a gill,
l o' your *caller oysters* we
Shall eat our fill.

If sic a thing shou'd you betide,
To Berwick town to tak a ride,
Ise tak ye up Tweed's bonny side
Before ye settle,
And shaw you there the fisher's pride,
A Sa'mon kettle.

There lads an' lasses do conveen
To feast an' dance upo' the green,
An' there sic brav'ry may seen
As will confound ye,
An' gar ye glour out baith your een
At a' around ye.

To see sae mony bosoms bare,
An' sic huge puddins i' their hair,
An' some o' them wi' naithing mair
Upo' their tete;
Yea, some wi' mutches that might scare
Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print,
But for your sake wou'd fain be in't
E'en that I might my wishes hint
That you'd write mair;
For sure your head-piece is a mint
Whare wit's nae rare.

Sonse fa' me, gif I hadna lure
I cou'd command ilk Muse as sure,
Than hae a chariot at the door
To wait upo' me;
Tho', poet-like, I'm but a poor
Mid-Louthian Johnnie.

Berwick, Aug. 31, 1773. J. S.

ANSWER

TO MR. J. S.'s EPISTLE.

I TROW, my mettl'd Louthian lathie,
Auld farren birky I maun ca' thee,
For whan in gude black print I saw thee
Wi' souple gab,
I skirl'd fu' loud, "Oh wae befa' thee!
"But thou'rt a dab."

Awa', ye wylie fleetchin *fallow!*
The rose shall grow like gowan yallow,
Before I turn sae toom an' shallow,
And void of fusion,
As a' your butter'd words to swallow
In vain delusion.

Ye mak my Muse a dautit pet;
But gin she cou'd like *Allan's* met,
Or *couthy cracks* and *hamely* get
Upo' her *caritch*,
Eithly wad I be in your debt
A pint o' panitch.

At times whan she may lowse her pack,
I'll grant that she can find a knack
To gar auld-warld wordies clack
In hamespun rhime,
While ilk ane at his *billie's* back
Keeps gude *Scots* time.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook,
An' play *teet-bo* frae nook to nook,
Or blush as gin she had the yook
Upo' her skin,
Whan *Ramsay* or whan *Pennicuik*
Their lilts begin.

At morning ear', or late at e'en,
Gin ye sud hap to come and see ane,
Nor niggard *wife*, nor greetin wee-ane,
Within my cloyster,
Can challange you and me frae preein
A caller oyster.

Heh, lad! it wad be news indeed,
Ware I to ride to bonny *Tweed*,
Wha ne'er laid *gamon* o'er a steed
Beyont *Lusterrick*;
And auld shanks-nag wad tire, I dread,
To pace to *Berwick*.

You crack weel o' your lasses there,
Their glancin een and bisket bare;
But thof this town be *smeekit* sair,
I'll wad a *farden*,
Than ours there's nane mair fat an' fair,
Cravin your pardon.

Gin *heaven* shou'd gie the *earth* a drink,
And afterhend a sunny blink,
Gin ye ware here, I'm sure you'd think
It worth your notice,
To see them *dubbs* and gutters jink
Wi' kiltit coaties.

And frae ilk corner o' the nation,
We've lasses eke o' recreation,
Wha at close mou's tak up their station
By ten o'clock:
The Lord deliver frae temptation
A' honest fock!

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch
For *pursy*, *pocket-book*, or *watch*,
And can sae glib their *leesins* hatch,
That ye'll agree
Ye canna eithly meet their match
'Tween you and me.

this gude sample o' your skill,
restin you a pint o' yale,
an' attour a Highland gill
O' *Aquavitæ;*
which to come and sock at will,
I here invite ye.

' jillet Fortune scoul an' quarrel,
keep me frae a bien beef barrel,
ang's I've twopence i' the warl'
I'll ay be vockie
part a *fadge* or *girdle farl*
Wi' Louthian Jockie.

wel, my cock! Lang may ye thrive,
l happit in a cozy hive;
that your saul may never dive
To *Acheron,*
wish as lang's I can subscribe
Rob. Fergusson.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

JOB,

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

PERISH the fatal DAY when I was born,
The NIGHT with dreary darkness be forlorn;
The loathed, hateful, and lamented night
When JOB, 'twas told, had first perceiv'd the light;
Let it be dark, nor let the GOD on high
Regard it with the favour of his eye;
Let blackest darkness and death's awful shade
Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid;
Be it not join'd unto the varying year,
Nor to the fleeting months in swift career.
Lo! let the night in solitude's dismay
Be dumb to joy, and waste in gloom away;
On it may twilight stars be never known;
Light let it wish for, Lord! but give it none;

Curse it let them who curse the passing day,
And to the voice of mourning raise the lay;
Nor ever be the face of dawning seen
To ope its lustre on th' enamel'd green;
Because it seal'd not up my *mother's womb*,
Nor hid from me the SORROWS doom'd to come.
Why have I not from *mother's womb* expir'd?
My life resign'd when life was first requir'd?
Why did supporting knees prevent my death,
Or suckling breasts sustain my infant breath?
For now my soul with quiet had been blest,
With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,
Who bade the house of desolation rise,
And awful ruin strike tyrannic eyes,
Or with the princes unto whom were told
Rich store of silver and corrupting gold;
Or, as untimely birth, I had not been
Like infant who the light hath never seen;
For there the wicked from their trouble cease,
And there the weary find their lasting peace;
There the poor prisoners together rest,
Nor by the hand of injury opprest;
The small and great together mingl'd are
And free the servant from his master there;
Say, wherefore has an over-bounteous heaven
Light to the comfortless and wretched given?
Why should the troubl'd and oppress'd in soul
Fret over restless life's unsettled bowl,

Who long for death, who lists not to their
pray'r,
And dig as for the treasures hid afar;
Who with excess of joy are blest and glad,
Rejoic'd when in the tomb of silence laid?
Why then is grateful light bestow'd on man,
Whose life is darkness, all his days a span?
For 'ere the morn return'd my sighing came,
My mourning pour'd out as the mountain
stream;
Wild visag'd fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,
And wan destruction piteous star'd me nigh;
For tho' no rest nor safety blest my soul,
New trouble came, new darkness, new controul.

ODE TO HORROR.

O THOU who with incessant gloom
Court's the recess of midnight tomb!
Admit me of thy mournful throng,
The scatter'd woods and wilds among;
If e'er thy discontented ear
The voice of *sympathy* can chear,
My melancholy bosom's sigh
Shall to your mournful plaint reply;
There to the fear-forboding owl
The angry *Furies* hiss and howl;
Or near the mountain's pendant brow
Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow.

Epode.

Who's he that with imploring eye
Salutes the rosy dawning sky?
The cock proclaims the morn in vain,
His sp'rit to drive to its domain;
For morning light can but return
To bid the wretched wail and mourn:
Not the bright dawning's purple eye
Can cause the frightful vapours fly,

Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne
Can bid surrounding fears begone;
The gloom of night will still preside,
While angry conscience stares on either side.

Strophe.

To ease his sore distemper'd head,
Sometimes upon the rocky bed
Reclin'd he lies, to list the sound
Of whispering reed in vale profound.
Happy if *Morpheus* visits there,
A while to lull his woe and care;
Send sweeter fancies to his aid,
And teach him to be undismay'd;
Yet wretched still, for when no more
The gods their opiate balsam pour,
Ah, me! he starts, and views again
The Lybian monster prance along the plain.
Now from the oozing caves he flies,
And to the city's *tumults* hies,
Thinking to frolic life away,
Be ever cheerful, ever gay:
But tho' enwrapt in noise and smoke,
They ne'er can heal his peace when broke;
His fears arise, he sighs again
For solitude on rural plain;
Even there his wishes all conveen
To bear him to his noise again.

Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and sore oppress,
He constant hunts, but never finds his rest.

Antistrophe.

Oh exercise! thou healing pow'r,
The toiling rustic's chiefest dower;
Be thou with parent virtue join'd
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Then *man* as much of joy can share
From ruffian winter, bleakly bare,
As from the pure ætherial blaze
That wantons in the summer rays;
The humble cottage then can bring
Content, the comfort of a king;
And gloomy mortals wish no more
For wealth and idleness to make them poor.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

THOU joyous fiend, life's constant foe,
Sad *source* of care and *spring* of woe,
Soft pleasure's hard controul;
Her gayest haunts for ever nigh,
Stern mistress of the secret sigh,
That swells the murm'ring soul.

II.

Why haunt'st thou me thro' desarts drear?
With grief-swoln sounds why wound my ear,
Denied to *pity's* aid?
Thy visage wan did e'er I woo,
Or at thy feet in homage bow,
Or court thy sullen shade?

III.

Even now enchanted scenes abound,
Elysian glories strew the ground,
To lure th' astonish'd eyes;
Now *Horrors*, *Hell*, and *Furies* reign,
And desolate the fairy scene
Of all its gay disguise.

IV.

The passions, at thy urgent call,
Our *reasons* and our *sense* enthrall
In frenzy's fetters strong:
And now *despair* with lurid eye
Doth meagre *poverty* descry,
Subdu'd by famine long.

V.

The lover flies the haunts of day,
In gloomy woods and wilds to stray,
There shuns his *Jessy's* scorn;
Sad sisters of the sighing grove
Attune their lyres to hapless love,
Dejected and forlorn.

VI.

Yet *hope* undaunted wears thy *chain*,
And *smiles* amidst the growing *pain*,
Nor fears thy sad dismay;
Unaw'd by power her fancy flies
From earth's dim *orb* to purer skies,
Realms of endless *day*.

DIRGE.

I.

THE waving yew or cypress wreath
In vain bequeathe the mighty tear
In vain the awful pomp of death
Attends the sable-shrouded bier.

II.

Since *Strephon's* virtue's sunk to rest,
Nor pity's sigh, nor sorrow's strain,
Nor magic tongue, have e'er confest
Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

III.

The just, the good, more honours share
In what the conscious heart bestows,
Than *vice* adorn'd with sculptor's care,
In all the venal pomp of woes.

IV.

A sad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,
  Thou, Friendship! pay thy rites divine,
And echo thro' the midnight gloom
  That Strephon's early fall was thine.

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. I.

NE'ER fash your *thumb* what *gods* decree
To be the *weird* o' you or me,
Nor deal in *cantrip's* kittle cunning
To spier how fast your days are running;
But patient lippen for the *best*,
Nor be in *dowy thought* opprest,
Whether we see mair winters come,
Than this that spits wi' canker'd foam.
Now moisten weel your *geyzen'd wa'as*
Wi' couthy friends and *hearty blaws;*
Ne'er lat your *hope* o'ergang your *days*,
For *eild and thraldom* never stays;
The day looks *gash*, toot aff your *horn*,
Nor care yae *strae* about the *morn*.

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

MY *life* is like the flowing stream
That glides where summer's beauties teem,
Meets all the *riches* of the gale
That on its watry bosom sail,
And wanders 'midst Elysian groves
Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.
May I when drooping days decline,
And 'gainst those genial *streams* combine,
The winter's sad decay forsake,
And centre in my parent lake.

SONG.

I.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,
That in life's spring so long has roll'd,
And wither in the drooping shade,
E'er it return to native mould:

II.

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,
In time catch Citherea's joy,
'Ere age your wonted smiles deflow'r,
And hopes of love and life annoy.

EPIGRAM,

On a Lawyer's desiring one of the Tribe to look with respect to a GIBBET.

THE lawyer's may revere that tree
Where thieves so oft have strung,
Since, by the Law's most wise decree,
Her thieves are never hung.

On the AUTHOR'S intention of going to sea.

FORTUNE and Bob, e'er since his birth,
Could never yet agree,
She fairly kickt him from the earth
To try his fate at sea.

EPIGRAM,

Written Extempore, at the desire of a Gentleman who was rather ill-favoured, but who had a beautiful Family of Children.

S—TT and his children emblems are
Of real good and evil;
His children are like cherubims,
But Sc—tt is like the devil.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES:

An Elegy, occasioned by the untimely Death of a Scots Poet.

BY MR. JOHN TAIT.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus,
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantos, Melpomene: cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Hor.

DARK was the night—and silence reign'd
o'er all;
No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring
hour:
The sheeted ghost stalk'd ghastly thro' the
hall,
And ev'ry breast confess'd chill horror's
pow'r:

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:
"Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we
form;

"When winter comes, the sweetest flowret' drops,
"And oaks themselves must bend before the storm."

While thus I spake, a voice assail'd my ear,
'Twas sad—'twas slow—it fill'd my mind with dread!
"Forbear, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,
"Or change the strain—for FERGUSSON is dead!

"Have we not seen him sporting on these plains?
"Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?
"Have we not felt the magic of his strains,
"Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest fire?

"Have we not hop'd these strains would long be heard?
"Have we not told how oft they touch'd the soul?
"And has not Scotia said, her youthful BARD
"Might spread her fame ev'n to the distant pole?

"But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd;
"Death strikes the blow—they sink—their reign is o'er;
"And these sweet songs, which we so oft have prais'd—
"These mirthful strains shall now be heard no more.

"This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys
"Which we so ardently wish to attain;
"Since ruthless fate so oft, so soon destroys
"The high-born hopes ev'n of the Muses train."

I heard no more—The cook, with clarion shrill,
Loudly proclaim'd th' approach of morning near—
The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—
For every note was echo'd back by fear.

"Perhaps, I cried, e'er yonder rising sun
"Shall sink his glories in the western wave;
"Perhaps 'ere then my race too may be run,
"And I myself laid in the silent grave.

"Oft then, O mortals! oft this dreadful truth
"Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in the sound,
"*That genius, learning, health and vigorous youth,*
"*May, in one day, in death's cold chains be bound.*"

A GLOSSARY;

OR,

Explanation of the words and phraseology used in the foregoing Poems.

A

A, all, *ay*, always
Ablins, perhaps
Aboon, above
Aff, off
Ahint, behind
Aik, oak
Aince, once, *ain*, one, *yence*, once
Aith, oath
Aits, oats, *aiten*, reed the shepherds pipe
Airth, *or airt*, quarter of the sky
Aithly, certainly, assuredly, easily
Alane, alone
Alschin, an awl
Amang, among
An', and
Ane, own
Antrin, here and there, now and then
Anent, concerning, *thereanent*, concerning it
Auld, old, *auldfarrant* wise
Ay, always
Auld-reikie, Edinburgh
Aught, eight
Awa, away

B

Bawbee, a halfpenny
Bauk, beam or balance
Bauld, bold
Baith, both
Bane, bone
Ba', ball
Ban, to swear
Bairn, child
Baudrins, the cat
Bannet, bonnet
Barra, borough
Bardly, brany stout
Baxter, a baker
Batie, a name given to a dog
Bannock, a very thick round oat cake
Bassie, the name of a horse
Bailie, alderman
Beasties, cattle
Beted, happened to, fell out
Beyont, beyond
Bent, the open field
Blear, watery-eyed, weeping, disease of the eyes, faint light
Beek, *or beik*, to bask
Bein, wealthy, comfortable
Bend, draught to drink
Ben, the inner room
Behad, behold

Beengene, bowing
Bedeen, immediately, in haste
Birk, birch tree
Big, build
Bink, a kitchen dresser
Bield, a shelter
Bicker, a wooden dish, a fight among boys with stones, to run
Birl, to join for liquor
Birkie, a waggish active fellow
Bike, a hive of bees in the ground
Birn, burden, *birns*, the stalks of burnt heath
Birze, to bruize
Biggen, building
Blaw, blow, *blawn*, blown
Blink, a glancing light, a little while, a kind look
Bluegown, one of the beggars who have been soldiers and who get annually on the king's birth-day a blue cloak or gown with a badge
Blude, blood
Blate, bashful
Blawart, a blue flower
Bluff, hearty, bold
Bonny, handsome, pretty
Boddle, a small Scotch coin
Boden, or bodden, provided or furnished
Bourach, warren, grup, tuft
Bowie, a milk pail, a small tub
Bra', fine in apparel, brave, excellent, fine appearance
Brae, the side of a hill, or bank of a river
Breeks, breeches
Browster, a brewer, *browster-wife*, an ale-house keeper
Brose, oat meal scalded with boiling water
Braid, broad
Broach, a clasp
Brulzie, a squabble, or combat
Brodit, pierced
Burn, a small run of water, or brook
Buss, bush
Buik, baked, a book, the body, bulk
Busk, to dress fine
Bum, humming, as of bees
Buit, would
But, without
Bure, did bare
Bygane, bygone, bypast
Byre, cowstable.

C

Cadie, a young fellow, a messenger, or guide in Edinburgh
Ca'd, drove, called
Cadgi, happy, cheerful
Cantily, cheerfully, *canty*, cheerful
Callant, a boy
Carenaby, care not for
Cauld, cold, *caldrife*, susceptible of cold, spiritless, not affectionate
Capernity, quarrelsome, mischievous
Caller, fresh, sound, cool
Carline, a stout old woman
Carl, an old man
Cawsey, a paved street
Canty, merry, cheerful
Cap, or quegh, a turned wooden dish
Cairn, a loose heap of stones &c.
Canzeed, coin, money
Chiel, a term like fellow, sometimes respectfully and sometimes contemptuously used
Chirm, or chirming, chirping like birds
Cheap, to chirp as a bird, to creak as a carriage wheel
Chappin, a quart

Cladin, cloathing
Claver, clover
Clash, to tattle
Clarty, dirty, filthy
Claith, cloth
Clad, cloathed, covered
Clamehewit, an unlucky blow
Claw, scratch
Clung, empty, lean
Clugh, a cliff, a hollow between two rocks
Cog, or *Coggie*, a wooden dish made with staves and hoops]
Coft, bought
Cowr, couch, creep
Colley, or collie, a certain species of dogs
Couth, comfortable, kind, loving, snug
Coble, a fishing boat
Coup, to tumble, to barter, a gang, or riotous company, a favour or favourable bargain
Coof, blockhead, a ninny
Corbie, a raven
Cow, to terrify, to keep under, to lop or cut, a branch of withered heath, broom, &c. an imaginary thing to frighten children or people timid by night
Cod, a pillow
Couter, ploughshare
Connoch, to eat greedily
Codroch, rude, clumsy
Crammin, cramming.
Crack, to discourse
Crap, the gizzard, the stomach, *crap*, crop, *crap*, did creep
Craig, a rock, the throat or neck
Creesh, grease, to grease
Crowdy, a kind of pottage
Craw, crow
Crummy, the name of a cow
Cruizy, a lamp
Cronie, neighbour, companion
Cutty, short, a short spoon, a short pipe, a short stool
Cuissers, a young stallion
Cosh, snug, in good order.

D

Daft, foolish, and sometimes wanton
Daffen, play
Dang, did ding, beat, out strip
Danton, frighten or discourage
Dander, to wander
Dawnin, dawning
Dauts, to fondle, *dawty*, a favourite
Dad, drive down, nock
Deacon, a person elected by an incorporated trade as their president
Dinlin', dennell, the same as *dirrell*
Dis, does
Dight, to wipe, to clean, to make ready
Divit, a thin covering for houses
Dowie, melancholy, sad, sorrowful
Dool, sorrow, to sing *dool*, to lament, to mourn
Docken, dock weed
Dinna, do not
Doited, dozed, or crazed as in old age
Doggie, a dog
Doup, the backside, the end of a candle
Dour, sullen, stubborn, stout, durable
Dorts, a proud pet, *dorty*, proud, conceited, saucy, nice
Dosse, douse, or throw down
Donnart, stupid. See *doited*
Dow, can, is able, *dowe*, or pidgeon
Douna, am not able

Doited, worn with fatigue
Douk, to duck
Douff, hollow, wanting vivacity
Drap, a drop, *dribb*, drop
Droukit, or drakat, draggled, bespattered, drenched all wet
Drucken, drunken
Dree, to suffer, to bare
Drumly, muddy
Dub, gutter
Dung, defeated, driven
Dudd, a tattered garment
Dunk, damp
Dwxam, qualm
Dwall, to deal.

E

Edina, or *Edin*, Edinburgh
Ein, eyes, *eie*, eye
Eithly, easily, *eith*, easy
Eild, age, old age
Eiening, withered up with drouth
Eident, industrious
Eiry, shy, afraid
Eikit, joined, or spliced together
Elden, fuel
Eneugh, enough

F

Fa'en, fallen, *fa'*, fall, befall
Faush, vex, or trouble
Fashous, troublesome
Fauld, fold for cattle
Faugh, a fallowed field
Fairnyear, last year
Fairn, a present at a fair, sometimes a flogging
Fait, or feat, neat in person or dress, spruce
Fadge, a spungy sort of bread in the shape of a roll
Fand, found
Ferra cow, one that gives milk for two years without having a calf
Ferlie, to wonder at, *ferlies*, things wonderful or uncommon
Fek, many, plenty
Feckless, weak, puny, rather in poor health
Fenzing, feigning, pretending
Fend, or fen, shift, to live industriously and comfortably
Fell, keen, biting the flesh immediately under the skin
Fifan, belonging to Fifeshire, Scotland
Fin, fine
Fient, fiend
Flite, or flyte, to scold, chide
Fley, frighten, *affleyed*, frightened
Flung, defeated in design
Fleg, a fright, a blow
Flit, to remove
Fleetchin, to coax, wheedle, importune
Flit, to move
Findrum, speldins, dried haddocks
Flunkey, a valet
Foulfa', evil befall
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
Fouk, folk
Forespak, forboded
For't, for it
Forgather, to meet, to encounter
Fousom, unwholesome, disgusting
Forseeth, forsooth
Foy, a parting treat
Freaks, whims, pranks
Frae, from
Fudlin, drinking

Fu', full, intoxicated with liquor

G

Gane, gone, *gawn*, gowing, *gaed*, went
Gab, the mouth, to talk perthy
Gang, to go, *gaed*, went
Gaudsman, ploughboy
Gar, compel, *gart*, compelled
Ga', gall
Gausy, jolly, buxom
Gantrie, a bench or horse for beer barrel, to stand on
Gardies,
Gash, smartly, sagacious, forwardly, talkative
Gaist, ghost
Gear, riches, goods of any kind
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
Gif, or *gin*, if
Gie, give, *gae*, did give
Gizzen'd, shrunk with drought
Gimmer, companion, associate
Girnel, a store of grain, a meal chest
Gillet, jilt
Girdle, griddle
Gird, a hoop
Girn, *grin*, to weep, *greet*, to cry, *grat*, did cry
Glower, to stare, to look, a stare, a look
Glaiket, idle, thoughtless, got the glaiks, beguiled
Glomin, the twilight
Gled, a kite
Gleg, sharp, quick, active
Gowdpink, goldfinch
Gowan, wild daisy
Gowk, a cuckoo, a foolish person
Gowpin, the full of your two hands joined together
Gree, to agree, victory
Graith, furniture, accoutriments
Green, to wish or long for
Grane, groan
Grassum, gratis
Gutcher, grandfather.
Gudeman, and *gudewife*, master and mistress of the house
Gusty, savory, high seasoned
Gulzie, or *gully*, a long knife

H

Hame, home
Hallow-e'en, the 31st of October
Hae, have, had, hold
Haly, holy
Haughs, low lying rich lands, valleys
Har'st, harvest
Haus, the gullet or throat
Haflins, nearly the half
Halesom, wholesome, healthful
Hap, a covering, to wrap, to hop
Haffit, the side of the head
Ha', hall
Haind, saved, laid up
Harl, drag
Halland, or *hallan*, a partition wall in a cottage
Hawkie, a common name given to a cow
Haiverel, a half witted person
Hech! Oh! strange!
Heese, to raise, to lift up
Helter-skelter, hastily, rashly, confusedly
Hether, heath
Herrie, to plunder
Heart-scad, heart burn
Himsel, himself
Hip, to miss in reading, &c.
Hinny, honey
Houp, hope
Hooly, careful, slowly
How, a hollow between the hills
Houff, a place of resort

Hodin, homespun woollencloth
Howder, creep together, hide
Hurdies, the posteriors
Howk, dig, *howked*, digged
Hotch, jolt
Hound, hunt with dogs as a shepherd
Hyn, hastening.

I

I' in
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every
Ingle, fire in a fire-place
Ither, other.

J

Joe, a sweetheart
Joot, liquor, swill
Jow, toll as a bell.

K

Kail, a plant of the cabbage kind, sometimes broth
Kane, a tax paid in poultry to the lord of the manor
Kaim, comb
Kent, knew, *ken*, to know
Kern, a churn, to churn
Kebbuik, a cheese
Keppit, stopped
Keek, peep
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty, to tickle
Kirk, church
Kist, a chest
Knifely, sharply, cuttingly
Know, a hillock
Ky, cow
Kyte, the belly
Kyth, to appear, to prosper.

L

Laverock, sky-lark
Langer, longer, *lang*, long
Laird, owner of land
Lasses, maidens, girls
Lave, the rest, the remainder
Laith, loth
Lawen, or *lawin*, a tavern reckoning
Land o' cakes, Scotland
Laighlen, a milking pale, or pale for other purposes
Leal, loyal, true, upright, honest
Lear, learning
Ley, or *lee*, unploughed land, land of the first year's ploughing, a green field, a warm sheltered place
Lerroch, a place for an easy chair to stand in
Leesh, lashed
Lightlyin, sneering
Lilt, a ballad, to sing a tune
Lith, a joint
Lift, the sky
Lingans, or *lingals*, the thread which a shoemaker sews with
Limmer, a bad woman, a light girl
Livin, living, provision, maintenance
Lintie, or *lintwhite*, a linnet
Lore, talent, instruction
Lounder, a rude blow
Loup, to leap, or jump
Loun, a young boy, a soft lad, a rogue
Loof, the palm of the hand
Lochaber-axe, an ancient weapon of war
Loo, or *luve*, love, *loes*, *loe*, the same
Lout, stoop, did let,
Lug, ear
Lum, chimney
Luckie, grandmother, goody
Luckenbooths, clumsy block of houses awkwardly situated in

the middle of the high street of Edinburgh
Lure, rather.
Lyart, hoary, or grey headed
Lyrth, warm and sheltered, to thicken broth

M

Maist, most, *amaist*, almost
Mak, make
Maen, lament
Mair, more
Mart, fatted cattle killed about the 1st of November and salted up for family use
Maments, moments
Mailin, a farm
Maunna, must not, *maun*, must
Maukin, the hare
Maister, chamber lye
Messejohn, a priest or curate
Menzies, a large company of men or followers, an army, assembly, confused crowd
Meltith, a meal
Mirk, dark
Mishanter, mischief
Misand, musing
Misleard, easily defeated, afraid, unmannerly
Mou, mouth
Mony, many
Monsmeg, a great gun formerly in the fortress of Edinburgh, of a very large calibre
Muc, to clear dung from the stable
Muckle, or *meikle*, much, or large, *muckle maun*, very big
Multer, a toll paid to the miller
Mutche, a cap worn by women
Mysell, myself

N

Na, no, not, *nane*, none
Nae, no, not any
Neist, next
Nebb, bill of a bird, the point
Nicker, to laugh, to neigh as a horse
Nicketick, a tallystick
Nippin, nipping, pinching
Nook, a corner
Nowt, oxen
Notar, notary public.

O

Ohon! oh! alas!
Ony, any
O', of
Orrow, to spare, any thing over
O't, of it
Owk, week
Owsen, oxen
Owr, over.

P

Pauky, sly, cunning, witty
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish
Pakes, chastisement
Partans, a species of crabs
Peaceful, peaceful
Pechin, to pant, to breath short
Peat, or *peet*, turf for fire
Pelf, lucre, money
Pickle, a small quantity
Pibroch, martial music on the bagpipes
Pit, put
Pig, an earthen jar
Pirn, or *pirney*, a spool
Pleugh, plough
Plaidie, or *plaid*, crossed striped woollen cloth, the covering made out of this cloth
Plack, a small Scotch coin, a trifle, *plackless*, poor, without means
Plucke, pimple

Pley, a debate, a quarrel
Pow, the head
Pose, purse, a deposit
Pock, bag
Poortith, poverty
Prie, taste
Prieven, a tasteing
Provost, mayor
Prig, importune, to cheapen the price
Puddock, frog.

Q

Quo', forsay, or said, quoth
Quat, did quit
Quey, a young cow.

R

Rantin, joyous, jolly
Rax, to stretch, to grow
Reek, smoke, *reeky*, smoky
Remeid, remedy
Respecket, respected
Ream, cream, *reaming*, foaming
Reath, a quarter of a year
Reesle, rustle
Rin, run, to run
Rife, abundant
Rift, to belch
Rig, a ridge, *riggin*, the roof of a house
Rowt, to roar, especially the roaring of bulls and cows
Roset, rosin
Rokely, a long cloak or mantle
Roose, or *ruise*, to extol with flattery
Rook, reduce, *rookit*, to loose
Runkle, wrinkle
Ruck, a rick of hay, or stalk of corn
Rug, *rive*, to pull, a good many, a good deal
Rung, cudgel.

S

Saw, sowen
Sang, a song, *sangster*, a singer
Sair, sore
Sae, so
Saul, soul
Sax, six
Sark, shirt or shift
Sattlin, settling
Saft, soft
Saut, salt, *sauted*, salted
Sall, shall
Sair'd, served
Scantlin, scantly, scarcely
Screed, to tear a rent
Scrap, did scrape, *scrapin*, scraping
Scowder, or *scouther*, to scorch, to singe
Scunner, to loathe
Scauld, one who scolds, to scold
Scaw'd, scabbed, of no value
Scape, a bee hive
Scough, skulk, start
Sclates, slates
Sel, self, *yoursell*, yourself
Seenil, seldom
Sell'd, sold
Sey-piece, master piece
Shinen, shining, *shean*, clear, shining
Shaw, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place
Shoon, shoes
Shanna, shall not
Sin, since
Sicker, sure
Sic, such
Simmer, summer
Siller, money
Sib, a kin, related
Skaith, harm, hurt, loss, expense
Skelpin, slapping, running fast
Skair, share or portion
Skirl, screech

Skelf, shelf
Slae, sloe, the fruit of the black thorn
Sleek, sly, artful and cunning, smooth, *slee*, sly
Slaister, dirty work
Slaw, slow
Slocken, to allay thirst
Sma'est, smallest, *sma'*, small, little
Smeek, smoke
Smore, smother
Snaw, snow, *snawy*, snowy
Snod, neat, handsome, tight
Sowf, to con over a tune on an instrument
Sow'ns, flummery
Sock, part of a plough
Soun, sound
Souk, to fine
Soum, to swim, a particular number of sheep or black cattle, the air, lag of a fish
Sough, the soft whispering noise of the wind among trees
Spear, ask, inquire
Spaul, a bone, a limb
Spae, to foretel
Spulzie, to cheat, to trick, to wheedle
Sprainge, stripes of different colours
Spats, spots
Squad, a crew or party
Stane, stone, a weight of 16 pounds
Stoup, a pewter measure for liquor, a long bucket to carry water or milk
Stirrach, or *stirr, sirrach*, or *sir*, sometimes used contemptuously, a fop
Stap, step, *stapp*, to fill, to stop up
Stent, task
Stravaig, to stroll, or wander
Strae, straw
Straik, stroke or blow
Steeve, stiff, stout, firm
Strath, a plain on a river side
Stoiter, stagger
Stilt, handle of a plough, a crutch
Stown, stolen
Starn, or *starnie*, a star
Stan', stand, *stannin*, standing
Steek, to shut
Steghin, eating greedily, gorgeing
Sucker, sugar
Swaird, the surface of the grass the breadth one takes before them when cutting with a scythe
Swyth! avaunt, make haste, fy
Swack, to throw with force, tight, active
Syne, afterwards.

T

Tap, top
Tak, take, *taen*, taken
Tae's, toes
Tartan, cross striped cloth of various colours
Tack, a lease
Taxman, he who leases a farm from the owner
Tane, one of the two
Tent, care, to take care
Teugh, tough
Teysday, Tuesday
Teat, small quantity
Thegither, together
Thrave, did thrive
Thole, bear with
Thir, these, *thae*, those
Thrawart, froward, cross, crab-
Threave, 24 sheafs of grain, or bundels of straw
Thaf, although
Thackit, thached

Thereout, without, in the field
Thristle, or *thisel*, thistle
Tinkler, tinker
Tint lost, *tyne*, to loose
Tid, the proper time, caprice, whim
Tig, a notion
Tir, to uncover
Toom, empty, *teem*, the same
Todle, to run or walk, loitering like a child
Toutit, drank, *tout*, to blow a horn
Touzle, or *teastle*, to rumple, teaze
Troth, truth, a petty oath
Trig, neat, trim
Tullochgoram, a Highland tune, a dance
Tulzie, a quarrel, trouble, to fight
Twin'd, plundered, cheated
Twa, two
Twalt, twelfth
Twamonth, twelvemonth
Tyne, loose, *tynt*, lost.

U

Uncanny, evil disposed, having the power of witchcraft
Unco, strange, *uncos*, news
Ulzie, or *uly*, oil
Upo', upon

V

Vacance, vacation
Vogie, elevated, proud.

W

Wae, woe, sorrowful, *waeful*, sorrowful
Warldly, worldly, *warld*, world
Waesucks, the same as alas, woes me
Wark, work
Wat, or *wit*, or *wite*, or *wist*, to know
Wallie, ample, large, jolly, trinkets
Wanruly, unruly
Wad, would, *wadna*, would not
Wa', wall, way
Ware, to spend
Warlock, a wizzard
Wanworthy, unworthy
Wauken, waken
Wanchancy, unlucky
Wuntworth, no worth, no value
Weel, well, *weelfare*, wellfare
Weir, war, a place to catch fish
Weym, the belly
Weir, destiny
Weelfared, handsome, well looking
Wearin-on, drawing nigh
Wer't, were it
Wha, who
Whang, a large slice, a strap of leather
Whisht, hush
Whilk, which
Whittle, a knife, a sword
Whumble, to turn upside down
Wi', with
Winna, will not
Willawins! alas! woes me!
Windock, or *winnock*, a window
Wizen, the throat
Winsome, an agreeable desirable woman, valuable, to be boasted of
Win, to pass, to dwell, to reside
Withouten, without
Wirrikow, a bug bear
Winnelstrae, a stalk of grass
Woo', wool
Woodie, a wreath, sometimes a halter for a criminal
Wow! O! or dear me!
Wraith, ominous apparition, ghost, spectre
Wud, wild, mad

ite, blame
lie, artful, to whiddle, to
sheat

Y

p, hungry, greedy
rkit, jerked, lashed

Yestreen, last night
Ye've, ye have, or you have
Yellowchin, bawling, screaming
Yird, earth, ground
Youf, to bark, *youf'd*, did bark
Yowl, to howl
Yule, christmas.

THE END.

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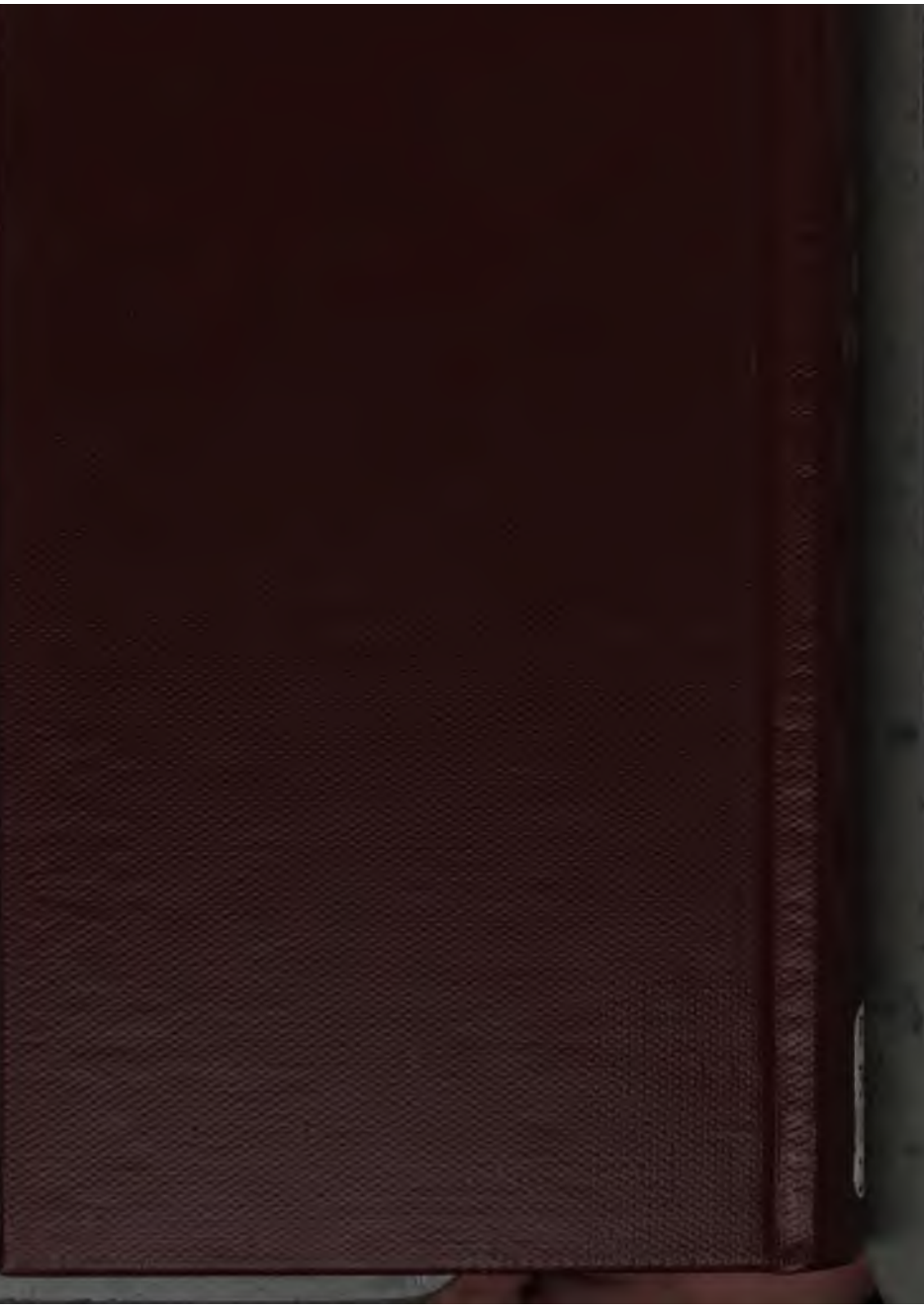
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